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PICARDY: A QUIET, SIMPLE LAND OF DREAMY BEAUTY, WHERE ARTISTS FIND MUCH TO PAINT: BY JANE QUIGLEY



UST across the channel from Folkestone lies Picardy, with many delightful spots for the painter. This part of northern France is somewhat flat and monotonous in some districts, but the artist's eye finds beauty in the subtle tones of sand dunes as well as in the more obvious beauty of opalescent sea and shimmering meadows. Most people cross to Picardy by the mail route of Folkestone and Boulogne, but a more novel way is to go by steamer from London Docks to Boulogne, and those who love the sea, and are willing to sacrifice comfort for the sake of novelty, find a great charm in the night passage from London Docks. Even Londoners know but little of this part of the Thames given up to commerce, yet it has a beauty of its own, especially by moonlight, when the sordid quays and factories are obscured from view.

At Boulogne the painter finds delightful marine subjects, and nothing could be more paintable in its way than the harbor and shipping viewed against the mellow background of the old town, the ships and buildings reflected in the water of the harbor. One can work from a boat or steamer, and thus escape the children and loafers who so often spoil the pleasure of outdoor work. Boulogne is too popular in the season for work, and the hotels and pensions put up their prices in summer, but the Hotel Bourgoyne and Hotel Derveaux are fairly reasonable and well managed.

Better suited to the needs of artists are the little towns of Etaples and Montreuil and the villages of that district. The express trains from Boulogne to Paris stop at Etaples, and after about twenty minutes through green fields and past poplar-bordered rivers one arrives at this quaint place so well known to artists. It has a group of resident workers, and others come and go, working independently or under a master. Many well-known men and women have worked at Etaples, including Dudley Hardy, Ludivico, Garrido, Mr. and

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Mrs. C. Eastlake, and others; and it attracts a sprinkling of representative American artists as well as students. The usual plan is to live in rooms or studios, and go for meals to the Hotel des Voyageurs or Hotel Joos—unpretentious hostelrys with fairly good meals, served in an atmosphere of friendliness and stimulating talk. In winter the place is deserted, except by a group of serious workers who make it their home. Artists pay about twenty-five or thirty francs a week for board, and rooms and studios are cheap. Anyone who is lucky enough to find a place at the Villa Riant Séjour, facing the river, will find a Parisian landlady—the embodiment of *joie de vivre* and good sense, who keeps her house in spotless order.

ETAPLES has been called—and not without reason—a dirty little town, but it is healthy for all that, and endears itself to many who work there. The artistic sense finds pleasure in its winding cobbled streets, and mellow old houses, and in the dark-complexioned southern looking people. Models are plentiful, and pose well for a small payment either in the studio, or in the picturesque gardens that lie hidden behind the street doors.

A great source of interest is the fishing fleet that comes up the estuary of the Cauche to the quays where the fisher people and shrimpers live in a colony of their own. There is constant work for the sketch book, especially on Monday, when the boats go off for several days, the whole family helping the men and boys to start. All one can do amid this bewildering movement of boats putting up sail, and people bustling about with provisions, is to make hurried notes and sketches. Near Etaples is the lovely forest of Le Tonquet, where one can work in absolute quiet, with vistas of the river, the sandy coast and the sea beyond.

And this forest at Le Tonquet has a splendid character of its own. Many of the trees being young, the effect is light and fairy-like compared with older forests where giant trees shut out the sky. The soil is sandy and the ground undulating, so high in parts that one can look down upon Etaples and the sea coast as it stretches far away toward the horizon. Great variety characterizes the trees—dark pines are relieved by light poplars and willows and silver birches, so that the general effect is that of tender green, touched with gold and silver. Here and there the carpet of moss and pine needles is overgrown by gorse and brambles, and there are long avenues and open spaces, peculiarly beautiful in spring and autumn.



A REVERENT HOUR IN PICARDY.
BY ADOLF L. LINDE.



"LA CAUCHE."
BY H. VAN DER WEYDEN.



A DETAIL OF THE DECORATION IN THE
SORBONNE, PARIS. BY PUVIS DE
CHAVANNES. THE BACKGROUND A
MEMORY OF A PICARDY LANDSCAPE.



L'EGLISE ST. SAULVE, MONTREUIL-SUR-MER.
BY H. VAN DER WEYDEN.

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Etaples is said to have been discovered as a place for artists by a French engineer, Monsieur Delaporte, who was commissioned to build the first railway bridge across the river Cauche. He was himself a very good amateur artist and found the fishing village of Etaples and its neighborhood full of subjects for artists. He was contemporary with Millet and Corot and intimate with them and others of the Barbizon School, who came at his invitation to work in Picardy. Among the well known men who have worked there are J. C. Cazin, A. Besnard, Fritz Thaulow, Le Sidaner, Alfred East, Dudley Hardy and Rupert Bunny.

The habitués of Etaples during recent years include Mr. W. Lee Hankey, whose delightful work, broad in treatment and full of poetic insight, is too well known to need comment here. Many of his best pictures have been painted in France and he has recently been elected to the Société Internationaliste des Aquarellistes, Paris. Mr. Charles R. Sims, whose picture, "The Land of Nod," attracted much attention at this year's Academy, also works at, or near, Etaples. The colony also includes Mr. Garrido, noted for his individual and brilliant technique, and Mr. Gwilt Jolley, who studied in Paris under Benjamin Constant and J. Lefebvre, and worked at Capri and St. Ives before he discovered Etaples. He exhibits in London, Paris and elsewhere, and has made a special study of sunlight effects. John R. Greig, an Aberdeen painter of promise who formerly worked in Holland, has come to Etaples for subjects, and among many other promising additions to the colony is Adolf C. Linde, an American citizen of Russian parentage. His painting of "A Quaint Bit of Montreuil" was hung on the line at the Salon 1906.

Etaples attracts many women artists, foremost among them being Miss Gertrude Leese, Miss Lily Defries, Miss Molony and Miss W. Chambers, all of whom exhibit at the Royal Academy and other exhibitions. A picture by Miss Leese, "The End of the Day," in the Salon of last year was bought for the Art Gallery at Christiania, and Miss Molony's work has had much success.

NEAR Etaples is the village of Trépied, an exclusive nook for painters, where several well-known Americans make their home, Mr. Max Bohm notably. He attracts a following of students by his power as a teacher and the vigorous and sincere personality which exacts good work from all who come under his influence. Mr. Bohm exhibits at the Salon and at Burlington House, and was well hung at the recent St. Louis Exhibition. Mr.

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A. Koopman, an American, is well known in this country and in America by landscape and genre pictures as well as by the many excellent portraits he has executed. The accommodation at Trépied is decidedly limited; the inn is small and there are no apartments, but a furnished cottage may be hired occasionally. Near Etaples, too, is the village of Dame-Camier, where Mr. Austin Brown lives and has painted some of his best landscapes.

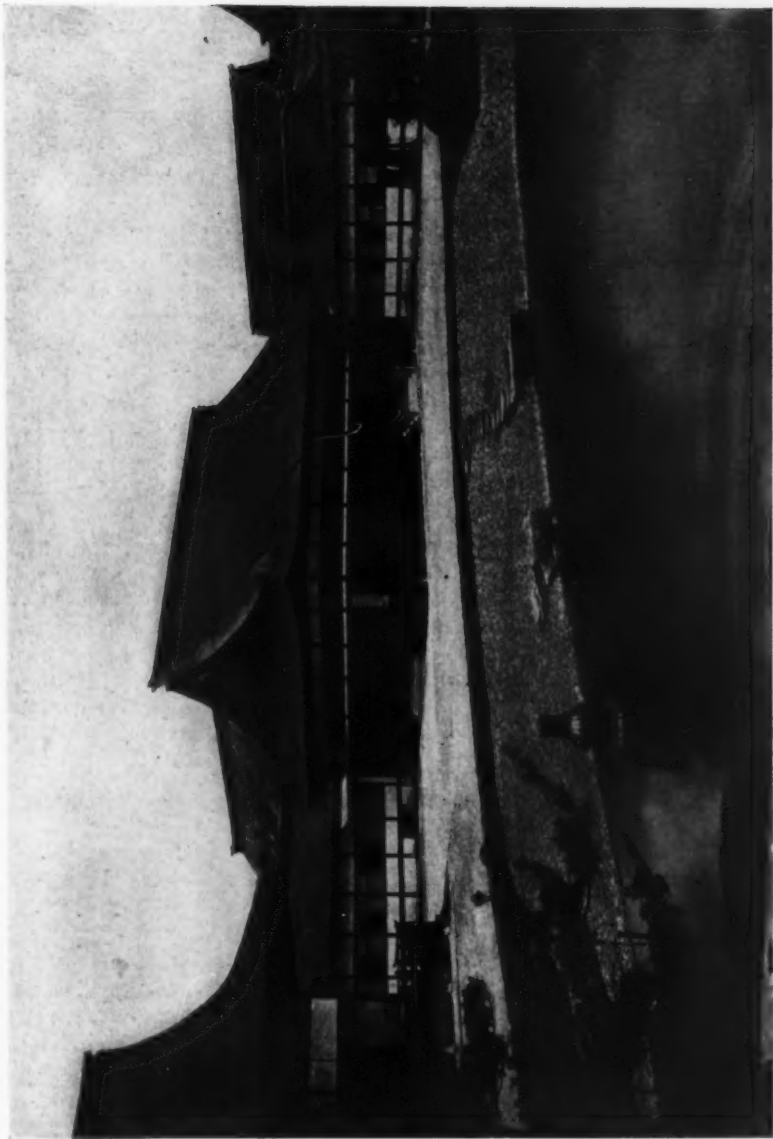
Montreuil-sur-Mer—an old walled town—is not far distant, and offers plenty of material to artists. The winding uphill streets and old gateways are picturesque and from the ramparts one gets a panoramic view. Models are plentiful and there is ample inspiration in the neighborhood for the landscape painter. Mr. Van der Weyden, an American, lives at Montreuil and produces delightful work which is better known in France than in England.

The people of Montreuil are accustomed to artists and their erratic ways, and good board and lodging is provided at the Hotel de France. There are some very interesting churches which attract lovers of architecture, so in spite of its deserted look and reputation for not being healthy, Montreuil has a distinct vogue among artists, one of the many who have worked there being Phil May.

Another delightful French town is Abbeville, at its best on a market day, with a typical crowd of country folk shopping at the booths. The town has some quaint houses and a river flowing through its midst, but its crowning feature is the Gothic Church, the joy of artists.

About half an hour by train from Abbeville is the village of Longpré, noted for the charm of its surroundings. It has a fine but badly restored church, and some quaint houses, but artists come there for the landscapes which inspired the great painter, Puvis de Chavannes. The scenery is flat and the land swampy, with beautiful ponds and water-lilies, and numbers of silvery poplars. It is a place suggestive of nymphs and fairies where the great god Pan might discourse sweet music. Steamers go from Longpré up the river Somme to Amiens, the town which all tourists visit on account of its beautiful cathedral.

All this part of northern France, in common with many other parts of that delightful country, is an ideal land for artists. One can get about so easily by train, bicycle or on foot, and live a simple outdoor life of perfect freedom, with nothing except the inevitable small worries to disturb the condition necessary to good work.



THIS PICTURE IS SHOWN AS A MOST PERFECT
EXAMPLE OF THAT STRUCTURAL BEAUTY IN JAPA-
NESE BUILDING WHICH IS PROVING SUCH AN
INSPIRATION IN THE BEST OF OUR NEW AMER-
ICAN ARCHITECTURE.



A VERDANT BACKYARD: ALL ITS
BEAUTY GAINED FROM VINES PLANT-
ED BY THE TWO LITTLE PLAYMATES.

THE OTHER WOMAN: BY PAUL HARBOE



THE soulful music of the great organ they went arm in arm out of the church and entered a waiting carriage. Immediately, at his order, they drove off, and swinging around the corner at brisk speed, rolled on toward their new home. The congregation tarried for a moment on the street, then scattered slowly. The minister removed his cassock in the anteroom, and the music having ceased he started slowly down the aisle.

Suddenly he heard a childish sob and was startled; for the church appeared to be empty. He looked about him. In the last pew, in a crouching position, he found a young girl weeping. The minister laid his hand gently on her thick brown hair. She raised her head and her look was the look of a child to a parent.

"You must not stay here," he said kindly, helping her up. "The others have all gone."

Without a word she put on her hat and started for the door, but he called her back.

"Wait, my child," he said. "Was it," he pointed to the altar, "was it anything to you?"

She turned her eyes in the direction which the carriage, a few minutes before, had taken.

"It was everything," she cried brokenly, and hurried down the steps.

The minister stood and watched her till she had disappeared.

"Her heart is broken," he said softly, "and their hopes fulfilled at my hand, God help me!"

* * * * *

Knud Bertelsen had loved both of them. But the woman he married had made more of him. She could wheedle and flatter, which the other woman could not, and Knud, vain like most men of unsettled minds and flexible temperaments, had led her to the altar, believing in his heart that her love was a deeper, and hence a better, love than that of the girl who wept in the church when it was all over. Of course he found out the truth after a year or so.

His wife was a good-natured woman, easy to please and easy to get along with, as Bertelsen's friends said. In her younger years she had been rather pretty. Her smile was pleasing; her eyes playful; her laugh was music. But, it must be remembered, there was a gap of six years between them, and this gap seemed to lengthen as the years passed. The wrinkles came early in her matrimonial

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life. Bertelsen, who was on this side of the gap, hated the sight of wrinkles; he considered them as artificial blemishes, and he cruelly told her so. It was his first offense. More wrinkles came, then fewer smiles, and even a frown. Bertelsen began to feel genuinely sorry over his bargain. And as he thought of the other woman, he forgot his wife; not all at once, but slowly, as one forgets a friend who has died.

They had one child, a daughter. She had her mother's eyes, her smile, and her laugh. Bertelsen saw but little of her; at eight she had been sent away to a girls' school, and was not to come home before her sixteenth birthday. Bertelsen took his wife to the school once a year regularly; he was interested in the girl's education, and held long interviews with the teachers while his wife petted her daughter and told her how good and kind her father was; which the child, being precocious and sensible, did not believe. So she cared little for Bertelsen. There was a sea of space between them which neither tried to bridge. He took it all as a thing to be expected, as a story with real trouble in it, as a matter of course, and sat down patiently to wait for the climax; for climax there must be, he thought. And the climax came with his wife's death, three years later.

Matilda, of course, came home from the girls' school, but she did not go back. Bertelsen urged, entreated, even begged her and reasoned with her; all to no purpose. She would stay. The girl was fifteen years old. He was forty, and there were gray hairs in his head and nervousness in his body. But he was happy, quite happy, for he was free.

HE MET the other woman, now and then, at out of the way places, and they reopened the old book of love. She had not married; there was no one else she cared for. Of course she could forgive him. There was nothing to forgive! It was all a mistake! It was her fault in part; she should have told him of her undying affection! Of course! Of course!

But he loved her—loved her enough to tell his daughter the smoothest lies; he loved her enough to fret and worry over the future. He was beginning to feel Matilda's influence over him. It was feeble at first, but it grew stronger as Matilda grew older. Another climax to another story was coming.

Bertelsen had worried and fretted himself sick. His daughter's smile was pain, her look a command, and her laugh cut his nerves—

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they were high strung, Bertelsen's nerves. He was kept to his bed, well guarded, but well nursed by Matilda. There were many times when he nearly broke down and almost confessed his double life. Then it happened one day that the other woman came. She came again and again, and had long talks with Matilda; but she never saw the despondent, the crippled Bertelsen. Finally, when Bertelsen was nearly well, Matilda told the other woman to stay away. Before that she had told her many other things—about her mother, of course. The other woman did stay away.

Bertelsen recovered and left his bed. He wanted to go out on the first day; but his daughter very kindly, but very firmly, said no.

"You are not strong, father," She smiled.

He realized the truth.

"In a few days," she went on, still with the undefinable smile, "we, you and I, will go to see mother's grave."

His head moved up and down mechanically.

"No one has been here, while I have been ill; no one except those I have seen?" he asked finally, and closed his eyes. Bertelsen's nerves had suffered during the last few weeks. She waited and he opened his eyes.

"Did you—did you expect any one?"

"No, no, Matilda, no, no," he hastened to say.

"Well," she said thoughtfully, "some one was here—an old woman, poorly clad, with a woollen hood. She spoke faulty grammar and appeared to be ill-fed." The girl stopped short and began to laugh. Bertelsen did not hear her laugh this time. "And," there was a look of triumph in her eyes, "she said she had cried in the church at your wedding, and that she loves you, and would die for you; and all such silly stuff. But she will never come again, I told her to stay away."

Bertelsen got up from his chair quickly, like a man suddenly made powerful. He hurried into the hallway, took his hat—and hesitated.

"You are not strong enough to go out get," cried the girl; but her voice had lost its music.

He laughed bitterly. He had waited to hear her say that.

"Not strong!" he shouted, throwing the heavy door wide open, "I am as strong as the mighty Hercules you have read about at the school. So she was poorly dressed, and spoke a faulty language! She cried in the church, and said such silly things. Silly to you they may be," he went on, pointing his finger at her and advancing

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a step, "but sacred to me. Ha! Ha! She will never come again! Yes, she will, she will!"

He dashed down the steps and was gone in an instant.

"My poor foolish father," Matilda meditated. "All this excitement may kill him."

* * * * *

He came back quite late, but his daughter had not retired.

"To-morrow," he began abruptly, "to-morrow she will come, and her home for the future will be here. She will have your mother's room. And I ask you, Matilda," he continued with just a bit of severity, "to treat her as you would treat your mother, were she alive."

"Father!" she cried, "mother has not been dead a year—you will not marry again!"

He forced a laugh and it hurt his nerves—his heart maybe. "No, Matilda, have no fear," he said sadly. His daughter looked pleased.

"I knew you did not care for her!"

He laughed again very bitterly, and moved slowly to the door. On the threshold he stopped and looked around. She was watching him with vague curiosity. He was about to say something, but instead laughed again, and closed the door behind him. She remembered that laugh for many years.



FESTIVALS OF THE HOPI: RELIGION THE INSPIRATION, AND DANCING AN EXPRES- SION IN ALL THEIR NATIONAL CEREMONIES: BY FREDERICK MONSEN.



IN THE three articles preceding this I have endeavored to give some idea of the character and customs of the gentle people who inhabit the strange little desert republic known as Hopi Land, but so far have but touched upon the question of their religion, which is, in much greater degree than with any civilized race that I know of, the foundation and inspiration both of their social organization and of their personal point of view.

As would naturally be the case with a simple people living very close to Nature, the mythology of the Hopitah is poetic and imaginative, and their ceremonials are entirely symbolic. The Hopi are in no sense idolators and do not worship inanimate objects such as the *katchinas* and other images, but the spirits represented by them. In the same way, it is not the sun itself that the Hopi reveres, but the spiritual being or force residing in it. This Sun Spirit is held to be the great creative power in Nature, and is therefore male, while the earth is, of course, the female element, as in all primitive beliefs. The origin of the Hopi mythology lies in a past so remote that, even with the wonderfully accurate system of oral tradition that is handed down from generation to generation, the source of it is lost. Some of their songs and incantations are expressed in archaic language that is now no longer understood, and the meaning of many of their ceremonial forms has been forgotten even by the priests. The division between the esoteric and exoteric forms of this primitive pantheism is not so sharply defined as in many other beliefs. While there are a number of sacred and symbolic festivals and ceremonials and many secret ceremonies at which the priests alone officiate, the understanding of all the people as to their real meaning is much clearer than is the case with people whose inability to comprehend the spirit behind the symbol has earned for them the name of idolators. The Hopi religion has grown out of an exceedingly austere environment, and it is but natural that the mind of the people, from constant dwelling on the forces of Nature that give and sustain life, should attribute godlike powers to natural phenomena. Consequently, the greater number of their religious ceremonials are for the propagation of the crops, and, expressing the greatest need of dwellers in the desert, they generally take the form of incantations or

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prayers for rain. As is the case with all primitive people, the religious philosophy of the Hopi is full of inconsistencies, but there is no question as to their sincerity and devotion to the broad principles of their own belief, nor of the reverent earnestness which lends such extraordinary interest to their ceremonies and festivals.

The Hopi believe in a future life in an Underworld where their spirits go after death, but they do not believe in future punishment. I have not yet been able to find among them any myth touching the creation of the world. Creation myths begin with the origin of the human species, but they believe that the earth as it is now was already in existence when the first human beings emerged from an opening in it called *Si-pa-pu*, which they conceive to have been the gorge of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Of course, being Nature worshipers, their belief is not monotheistic; they deify the great powers of Nature as the Father Sun and the Mother Earth, and the other forces are known by such names as the Fire God and the Rain God, the Germ God, etc.

It is but natural that people whose whole life and environment tend to confirm their belief in the Nature forces to which they are so close and which alone affect their existence, should be but little affected by the efforts of Christian missionaries. Great energy has been displayed in the attempts to convert the Hopi, but they maintain almost untouched not only their primitive mode of life and government, but their religious beliefs and the strange ceremonies that with them are acts of worship.

I well remember a conversation that once took place between Pú-hu-nóm-tiwa, one of the head snake priests, a missionary and myself. The missionary was, of course, doing his best to convert the Snake Priest and was enthusiastically telling him of the follies of the Hopi belief, when the Snake Priest answered quietly: "We may be foolish in the eyes of the white man, for we are a very simple people. We live close to our great mother, the Earth. We believe in our God as you believe in your God, but we believe that our God is best for us. Our God talks to us and tells us what to do. Our God gives us the rain cloud and the sunshine, the corn and all things to sustain life, and our God gave us all these things before we ever heard of your God. If your God is so great, let him speak to me as my God speaks to me, in my heart and not from a white man's mouth. Your God is a cruel God and not all-powerful, for you always talk about a devil and a hell where people go after they die. Our God is all-powerful and all-good, and there is no devil and

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there is no hell in our Underworld where we go after we die. No, I would rather stick to my God and my religion than to change to yours, for there is more happiness in my religion than there is in yours."

DURING the year the Hopi have many festivals, most of them of nine days' duration, and a number of these are attended with elaborate secret rites in *kivas* or underground ceremonial chambers, and terminate with the spectacular public performance designated by the white people as the "dance." Of the many important ceremonies, none is so well known as is the so-called Snake Dance, which, on account of its spectacular character and the time of its performance,—late in August,—has been most often visited by the whites, but so far, I believe, the Snake Dance has been usually written about from the viewpoint of an alien, rather than that arising from an intimate understanding of and sympathy with the Hopi and their beliefs, and so the meaning of it has been almost lost in the accounts given of the spectacle itself. The Snake Dance is a prayer to the spirits of the clouds, the thunder and the lightning, that the rain may fall on the growing crops, so that they may reach maturity and the people may not suffer from starvation.

The date of the Snake Dance is always decided by the head Snake Priest, who is guided by certain phases of the harvest moon, or, more probably, by the condition of the crops. Sixteen days in advance of this date the first announcement is made by the town crier, who ascends to the highest housetop and there proclaims in a loud voice to the people of the pueblo that the great festival is about to be celebrated. Eight days afterward, or on the first day of the nine days' ceremony, the Snake Priests retire to their underground *kiva* and begin the preparation of *pahos* or prayer sticks, also making the sand paintings on the floor of the *kiva* and erecting the sacred altar, before which the sacred and secret ceremonial of snake washing and blessing will take place. The sand painting is a piece of strange and very interesting symbolism. It is in four colors, yellow, blue, red and white, which denote the world directions, North, West, South and East. A square bowl decorated with cloud terraces and pollywogs, bird tracks and rain symbols, is placed to hold the sacred water. Surrounding it, and describing a complete circle are six ears of corn, four of which are of the colors that indicate clouds from the North, West, South and East, while the fifth indicates the thunder cloud, and the sixth the clouds from the Underworld.

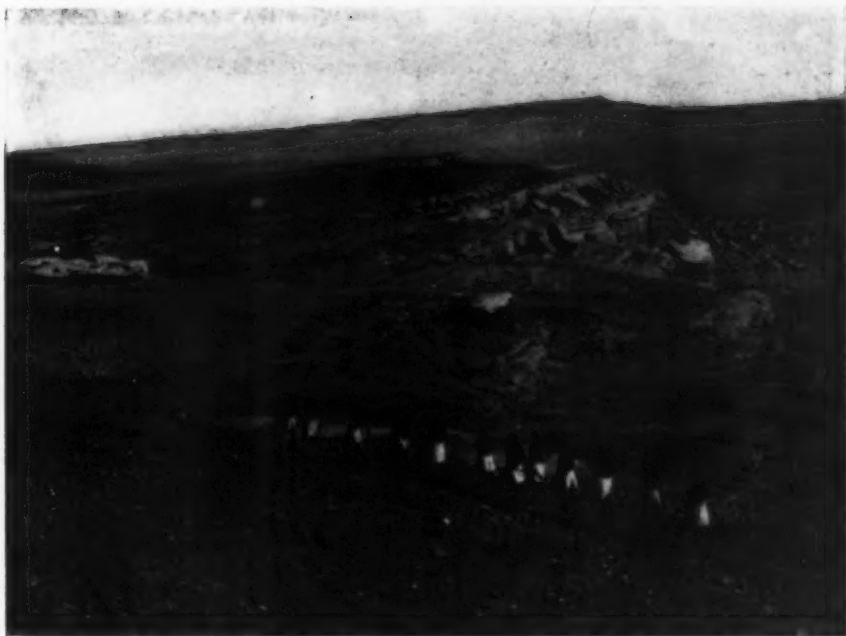
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At noon on the second day the priests begin their hunt for snakes, traveling out over the desert toward the north and scattering widely during the hunt. Their first effort is to capture such snakes as are found wandering about on the sand, but they dig into holes for the shyer reptiles which have sought cover. All kinds of snakes are captured, but rattlers are supposed to be the most efficacious as rain bringers, and therefore are the most eagerly sought. At sunset the priests reassemble at some place previously agreed upon, and march in single file back to the village. The next day the hunt is toward the west, the next day toward the south, and the last day toward the east. When the snakes are captured they are doubled up and tucked in small buckskin bags carried for the purpose by the priests who upon arriving at the *kiva* transfer them to a large bottomless jar standing upon a stone bench.

On the ninth day at high noon and when the sun is shining through the opening on the roof of the *kiva*, the jar is carefully lifted from the bench, allowing one snake at a time to emerge; when it is taken by a priest who sprinkles it with sacred corn meal and then carefully washes it in a bowl of yucca suds. After this washing, the snakes are thrown upon the sand painting in the middle of the *kiva*, where they are carefully guarded by the priests. Strangely enough, the snakes do not show resentment, but rather seem to be in a more or less contented frame of mind, which continues even when carried about in the teeth of the priests during the public dance later in the day.

Co-operating with the Snake Clan in this, its most important festival, are the Antelope men, whose *kiva* is also the scene of elaborate ritual, and from which can be heard the constant chanting of secular songs. The Antelope *kiva* also contains an altar ornamented with paintings of cloud and rain symbols, and with a sand painting like that already described in front of it. The *kisi* in the plaza where the Snake Dance is to take place has already been constructed, these preparations taking place on the eighth day. The *kisi* is in the form of a conical hut built of cottonwood boughs and cornstalks. In front of it is a small hole made in the ground and covered with an old plank. This hole represents the *Si-pa-pu*, or entrance to the Underworld, where reside the spirits of their ancestors.

THE Snake Dance takes place late in the afternoon of the ninth and last day of the festival and begins when the Antelope Priests leave their *kiva* and rapidly circle four times in front of the *kisi*, each time stamping heavily on the *Si-pa-pu* plank with the right



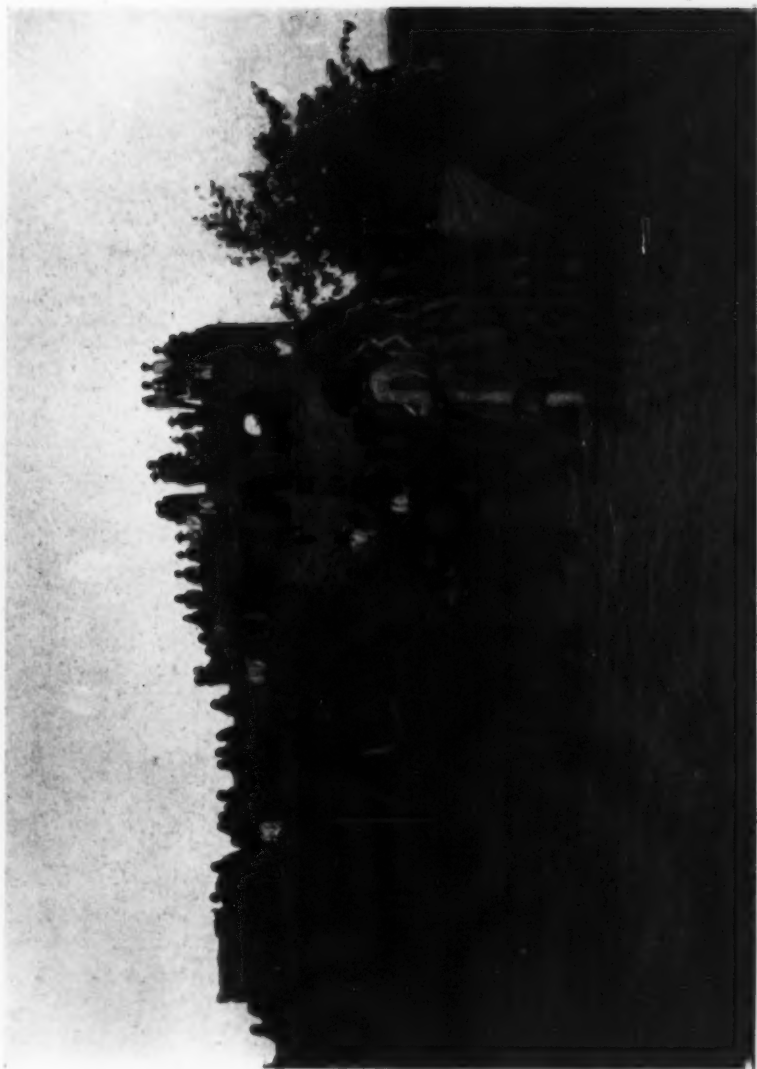
From a Photograph by Frederick Mosen.

"AT NOON ON THE SECOND DAY THE PRIESTS
BEGIN THEIR HUNT FOR SNAKES: TRAVEL-
ING OVER THE DESERT SINGLE FILE."



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

"THE SNAKE DANCE BEGINS WHEN THE ANTELOPE
PRIESTS LEAVE THEIR KIVA AND CIRCLE FOUR
TIMES IN FRONT OF THE KISI."



From a Photograph by Frederick Montan.

"GROUPS OF THREE ARE FORMED BY THE SNAKE
MEN: EACH GROUP CONSISTING OF A CARRIER
PRIEST, AN ATTENDANT AND A GATHERER."



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

"THE GATHERER WITH A FEW
STROKES OF HIS FEATHER WHIP
REDUCES THE SNAKE TO SUBMISSION."



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

"AFTER THE SNAKE DANCE THERE
IS A CEREMONY OF PURIFICATION,
FOLLOWED BY A GREAT FEAST."



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

"THE PROCESSION IS HEADED BY A YOUNG
BOY WHO BEARS THE TI-PO-NI, THE
SACRED BADGE OF OFFICE, THE RIGHT
TO CARRY WHICH IS HEREDITARY."



From a Photograph by Frederick Monzen.

"WHEN THE PRIESTS ARE SEATED ON THE LOWER
TERRACE, THEY BEGAN TO PLAY UPON THEIR
FLUTES A STRANGE AND MELANCHOLY AIR."



From a Photograph by Frederick Mousen.

"THE PRIESTS ROSE, AND FELL
SILENTLY INTO LINE, WITH THE
TWO MAIDENS IN ADVANCE."

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foot, as a signal to the spirits of the Underworld that they are about to begin an important ceremony. After the Antelopes have lined up in front of the *kisi*, the Snake Priests leave their *kiva* and, walking rapidly with majestic strides, they repeat the performance of the Antelope men and then line up in front of them and begin the dance by swaying backward and forward all together and in strict time to the chanting of the Antelope Priests. The dancers keep up a peculiar shuffling motion of the feet and a rhythmic movement of the hands, and the Antelope men do the chanting for all the rest of the ceremony while the Snake men are dancing with the snakes.

Groups of three are now formed by the Snake men, each group consisting of a carrier priest, an attendant and a gatherer, and these wait their turn in front of the *kisi*, where the snakes are handed to the carrier priest. Soon all the dancers are furnished with reptiles, and, holding the squirming snakes in their teeth, they dance slowly and with closed eyes around the plaza. The carrier priest is followed by the attendant, who holds a snake-whip with which he distracts the snake and so diverts its attention from the man who carries it, and the gatherer is always ready to snatch up the snakes when they are dropped to the ground. I have often noticed rattlesnakes held closer to the rattles than to the head, so they could easily run their heads into the eyes and hair of the carrier priest. It was nervous work watching them, for it often appeared as if nothing could prevent a fatal stroke, but the priests never seemed to be unnerved or disconcerted in the least, and the programme is never changed. After the plaza has been circled twice with each snake, it is dropped to the ground, the shock of the fall being violent enough usually to cause the rattler to coil and shake its rattles. Then the gatherer with a few strokes of his feather whip reduces it to submission, picks it up and hands it to one of the Antelope men to hold. When all the snakes have been danced with, each one receiving the same treatment, the head Snake Priest strews meal in a circle at one side of the floor and the Snake Priests all gather around it. Then, at a given signal all the snakes are thrown within the circle, where they are sprinkled with sacred meal by numbers of Hopi maidens. Then another signal is given, and the Snake Priests swoop down, grab up as many snakes as they can carry and rush down the sides of the steep mesa to the plains below to release the snakes in certain sacred places, so that they may carry the prayers from the living to the dead, and the ancestors of the Hopi may intercede for them with the Nature Gods, that there may be plenty of rain.

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Meanwhile, the Antelope men march back to the *kiva*, after stamping once more upon the *Si-pa-pu* plank in front of the *kisi*. Later, the Snake Priests return from the fields to their *kiva* and strip off their regalia. After this they go to the edge of the mesa where the women are stationed with great bowls of dark-colored liquid, prepared with many mystic rites and in great secrecy. This is a strong emetic and is absorbed in large quantities by the priests, and the resultant effect is known as the purification ceremony. Immediately after it the priests relax and are their sociable selves again. Now they are ready to feast, for they have fasted during much of the time given to the ceremony. Vast quantities of food are brought to the *kiva* and left on the roof by the wives and sisters of the Snake Priests. There is general rejoicing in the village and everyone keeps open house.

THE Snake Festival is celebrated in five of the seven Hopi villages; on the even years at Oraibi, Shipaulovi and Shimopovi, and on odd years at Walpi and Michongnovi. Alternating biennially with each of the five Snake ceremonies are five Flute ceremonies. The Flute Dance, as it is called, is also a festival of nine days' duration and is quite as interesting in every way as is the Snake Dance. Preceding each one of these festivals are foot races and other sports meant to be tests of agility and endurance, and processions of interest and often of great beauty. The festival culminates in receptions and general feasting.

These feasts are never marred by drunkenness, because the vices of the white man's civilization have not yet corrupted the Hopi festivals. So far as I know, this is the only aboriginal race that has never invented an intoxicating drink, and even to this day the better element refuses the white man's whiskey, because it "takes away their brains."

While I have seen the secret and sacred *kiva* ceremonies of the Snake Dance and other religious festivals of the Hopi, it has so happened that my experience with the Flute Dance has been almost wholly confined to the public ceremonial, so that I have only a general knowledge of the meaning of much of the elaborate symbolism employed. Like the Snake Dance, the Flute Dance is a prayer for rain, and the one of which illustrations are given here was unusually protracted and elaborate because of the suffering occasioned by the terrible and long-continued drought which destroyed crops and herds throughout the whole western country, ten or a dozen years ago.

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I CAN give but a fragmentary description of the Flute Dance, as I was only a spectator with all the people, and could not follow, step by step, the complex symbolism of the appeal to the Cloud Spirits. This much I do know, that the Flute Dance is a poetic, pastoral festival, in which the weird and,—to a white man,—revolting features of the Snake Dance are entirely wanting, and the gentler side alone of the Hopi nature is brought out. The meaning of it, of course, is an act of worship of the great forces of Nature upon which depend the life and death of the Indian. As in the case of the Snake Dance, the announcement that the festival is to take place is made sixteen days before the public ceremonies, and eight of these days are passed in the intricate and complex ritual and elaborate secret ceremonies before the Flute altars. These altars are not unlike the Snake altars. They are adorned with symbolic paintings and before each one is the sand painting on the floor, already described in connection with the Snake Dance. In the particular Flute Dance to which I refer, which took place at Michongnovi in the year of the great drought, thirty priests officiated. In addition to these, two Hopi maidens and a number of small boys took part in a procession that was genuinely imposing in its dignity, from an altar in the pueblo proper, down the precipitous trail and through the side of the mesa to the large spring at Toreva. The procession was headed by a young boy who bore the *Ti-po-ni* or standard, the sacred badge of office, the right to carry which descends from father to son.

At the spring a number of intricate rites took place. At the close of these preliminary rites, all the priests sat down around the spring, which may be likened to an amphitheater sunk into the sand, which is held back by rocky terraces that go down step by step. In the center of the last depression is the basin of water, which measures perhaps twelve by fifteen feet across. When the priests were seated on this last terrace, with the maidens standing like bronze statues in the background, they began to play upon their flutes a strange and melancholy air, which was more like a dirge than anything I have ever heard in any country, savage or civilized. These Hopi flutes are not properly flutes, but a species of flageolet, played at the end instead of at the side. The tone is very soft and strange, and this effect is intensified by the fact that they all played in unison. They were not always all on the key, but the effect of weirdness was rather heightened than marred by a slight dissonance.

As they played, the aged priest rose and began to go slowly down

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into the water. He stepped carefully and shudderingly because the water was very cold and he was very old, but he resolutely knelt in the water where it was shallow at the edge of the spring, then rose again and slowly made his way, getting always deeper under the water, into the center, where he disappeared entirely and remained under for what seemed like several minutes to me, but in reality must have been no more than a few seconds. Then he emerged with both upraised hands full of corn and vegetables of all kinds, melons, and all the things given by the kindly Earth that the people may live. These he brought up one by one and handed to the priests seated around the spring who blessed each article of food as it came out of the water and laid it aside. After all had been taken out of the spring the aged priest, shivering piteously but hopeful and serene, came up from the water. The other priests rose, and fell silently into line, forming a procession, with the two maidens in advance, which slowly took its way back to the village on the top of the mesa. The march was slow and frequently halted, for the reason that the rites and observances connected with it were many and elaborate, the priests and their attendants pausing every few steps to mark strange, symbolic figures on the sand by strewing the sacred corn meal. Special prayers were also uttered and the strange minor chant formed an undertone to the entire ceremony, until finally the procession reached the public plaza on top of the mesa. By this time it was nearly dark, but the ceremony went on in the center of the plaza where other mysterious symbols were outlined on the rocky floor with the strewn corn meal, and numbers of supplementary chants were sung until night closed down entirely and the moon appeared, when some of the Indians came out, holding torches high above their heads to illuminate the scene. There are no words for all the ghostly beauty of that scene, the silver moonlight, the sharp ink-black shadows, through which the torches show like smoky yellow points of flame, the white night, the wide silence, and the creeping chill in the air!

THEN came something so extraordinary that I am aware that it will sound as if I were drawing on the rich stores of my imagination for the coincidence which closed the festival. But all I can say is that to my unutterable astonishment, it happened exactly as I tell it. At a certain stage in this part of the ceremony there was a pause. No one left the plaza, but everyone stood as still as a graven image, and not a sound broke the hush, apparently

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of breathless expectancy. The stillness was so unearthly that it became oppressive, and a few white friends who were with me began to urge in whispers that we leave the plaza as all was evidently at an end, and go back to our camp below the mesa, when suddenly there rang out such a wild exultant shout of unrestrained, unmeasured rejoicing as only Indians can give in moments of supreme religious exaltation—rain-drops had splashed on devout, upturned faces.

Their prayers had been answered. The spell of the drought-evil had been broken, and the long strain of the solemn ceremonial gave place to such a carnival of rejoicing as it seldom falls to the lot of civilized man to see. The older Flute Priests retired; their work was done; and the mothers hastened swiftly and silently about, hiding away their little ones under husks and corn shucks, branches and blankets, until the children were stowed away out of sight as snugly and safely as squirrels in their nests. The flutes gave way to the tomtom, and in a few minutes the plaza was filled with numbers of the younger men dressed in most fantastic and grotesque costumes. These represented the *Katcinas*, spirits who are regarded as intermediaries between men and the Gods of Nature. These Nature Spirits are supposed to be very peculiar, grotesque beings, with enormous heads and very long beaks. Tiny images of the *Katcinas* are given to the children as dolls in order to familiarize them from babyhood with the useful or dangerous beings that inhabit the Hopi pantheon, and the only punishment as well as the only inducement to good behavior ever offered to a Hopi child is the admonition that if they are not good, kindly and obedient, the *Katcinas* will catch them. That was why the children were all safely hidden away before the young men, masked and attired as *Katcinas* appeared, and the carnival began. With brief intermissions it was kept up all night, and within a few hours the clouds had rolled from the western horizon over the entire sky, and a gentle, steady rain was falling. To add to the strangeness of the whole thing, the drought over Kansas, Missouri and other parts of the West did not break for some time after.

From the white man's point of view, this answer to prayer was, of course, the merest coincidence, but not all the power of church and government combined could convince the Hopi that their God had not heard them when the Christian God was deaf to the prayers of churches and missionaries, and that their devotion to the ancient faith had brought relief from famine and life to themselves and their flocks and herds.

A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE: BY SUSAN COREY



ORTRAITS, portraits everywhere in Hawkins' studio—portraits on the walls, portraits in the corners, portraits on easels. Unfinished portraits with vague shadowy outlines hanging side by side with finished portraits, so lifelike that they almost walked out of the canvas at you.

Here hung the first portrait that Hawkins ever painted—little Annie Murray, the singer—though you would never recognize her with that unreal posture and smirk; and there on the easel, with the paint still fresh, stood Hawkins' latest portrait—old Scripps the broker, so like him that you would have hesitated to mention any values in stocks for fear he would stretch out a grasping hand and clutch the information.

It was this wonderful air of reality that marked Hawkins' style. He painted what he saw in people and if he did not see what was handsome—so much the worse for the people. Many of the portraits now in the studio testified to this love for the truth at all costs, for they had been left on his hands by clients who refused to pay for such outrageous likenesses of themselves.

There was Mrs. Van Dyke, the beauty, for instance, pictured with every line and wrinkle of her carefully concealed age (Hawkins liked lines and wrinkles), and, worse still, there was young Owen, whom his family regarded as the type of all manly beauty, showing under Hawkins' brush the bulldog visage of a prize-fighter. Hawkins enjoyed these two specimens of his work hugely and had hung them in a good light where he could keep an admiring eye on them. . . . the fact is, truth was his fetish—his whole artistic creed—criticism and contumely glanced harmless off the shining armor in which truth encased him and to reach Hawkins you would have to find some lack of truth in his work, through which you could strike home.

Some vision of this had indeed come unaided to Hawkins on the dull November day of which I write. It was one of the strange ironies of fate that he should feel with every finishing touch which he put to the most successful portrait he had ever painted that he had somehow fallen short of the mark. The ruthless realism of the picture struck suddenly some hidden chord of sensibility never sounded before and it reverberated loudly through his artistic consciousness.

Had anyone a right to paint a face as he had painted Scripps' ? Was there not a finer, an altogether different art of portrait paint-

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ing which, penetrating farther into the reality of things, would have revealed, in spite of the opacity of Scripps' business look, an even more real Scripps who was somewhat human? Had he always failed of going deep enough? Had his success lain only in his true eye and his patient power over details?

Hawkins faced squarely on this possibility and began as he walked about the room to examine the different portraits in this new light.

HE PAUSED before the window at the sight of old Scripps on the other side of the street. In his state of awakened conscience, his latest model appeared much in the light of a victim, but Scripps had such a characteristically ugly look as he picked his way along that the artist in Hawkins looked at him with fascinated interest. "Fully as ugly as I painted him!" he exclaimed with satisfaction, but at that instant a mite of a baby who was trotting along the pavement was jostled and thrown by the crowd—and could that be old Scripps who sprang with such energy to the rescue and set her so carefully on her feet? It surely was, and now he was crossing the street toward the studio. He was coming to see his portrait, of which Hawkins had never given him a sight.

For a long time he stood before it silently, while the artist glanced with keen interest from him to the portrait, comparing the original in his remarkable rainy-day garb with the portrait Scripps, so tidy and arranged.

But he did not linger long over the difference in attire when he noticed the look which came into Scripps' face—a look he had never seen there during the sittings.

"It's wonderful, Mr. Hawkins," he said slowly, with an appreciation of its power which almost brought the tears to Hawkins' eyes. "Wonderful—but—horrible!" he added in a changed voice. "It's a day of judgment to see yourself in paint, isn't it?" he said solemnly. "I look as if I'd made my pile, don't I? and not much of anything else, either . . . bargains—bargains—bargains! written all over my face—and I got the best of the people, too, didn't I?"

Hawkins was speechless.

"See here, Mr. Hawkins," Scripps said appealingly. "You're a great artist, but do I always look like that?"

"No, Mr. Scripps, no!" said Hawkins hastily, "but I chose that as a characteristic expression."

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"Quite so!" said Scripps. "I thank you for telling me the truth. I like the truth better than anything else."

Hawkins gave a start to find another enthusiast for truth in the old man.

"I don't deny the genuineness of the picture," continued Scripps. "It's a splendid piece of work, but I don't want my wife and the girls to see it—they have a good opinion of me somehow and I don't want they should see it."

He took his hat and started for the door. Hawkins would have liked to detain him, but Scripps was gone before he could collect his wits.

"'Art for art's sake' isn't all it's cracked up to be," said Hawkins to himself, as he surveyed the ugly portrait again and almost winced himself at the sight of it. "I don't mind so much when people don't look as handsome as they would like, but this stirring up their consciences isn't at all in my line—not at all—especially if they're going to turn out better than I've made them look."

SCRIPPS meantime had left the studio more upset than he had been for many years, and pondering, perhaps for the first time, the mysteries of his own nature. He had ordered his portrait painted much as he had ordered his big, substantial house built, as one of the customary accessories of wealth—and now the magic wand of art was making it a revelation to him of what he himself really was.

"What is the matter, John?" asked Mrs. Scripps, noticing at once the difference in his manner. "Lost some money?"

"Can't anything happen to a body except to win or lose money?" asked Scripps.

"That's usually what you're up or down about," said Mrs. Scripps innocently.

"Things go wrong down town, father?" asked his eldest daughter, entering the room.

"No!" said Scripps, fairly snapping at her. "I have other troubles," he added mournfully. Scripps was lost in thought during the noonday meal, and did not return to his office afterward.

"I'd like to see you in the library a few moments, Maria," he said to his wife.

"Whatever can he want?" she said in a frightened whisper to her daughter as she passed her.

Once in the library, Scripps seemed to have considerable

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difficulty in opening the conversation. He hemmed and hawed and walked up and down nervously while Mrs. Scripps sat on the edge of her chair in anxious anticipation.

At last, however, he seemed to come to some decision, and, stopping in front of her, he said "I suppose I've always scrimped you as to money and made you uncomfortable, haven't I, Maria?"

"It's only right to be economical," said Mrs. Scripps with prim virtuousness.

"It's not right, though, to think of nothing but the almighty dollar," said Scripps grimly, "and I reckon that's about what I've made you do."

His wife stared at him in undisguised amazement. "You've never been and gone over to the revival meetings at the Methodist Church, have you, John?"

Scripps chuckled in spite of himself at this. "No, Maria, I haven't experienced religion, but I've experienced something worse. I've seen how I really look!"

"Oh," said Mrs. Scripps, much relieved. "You've been to see your picture. Well, well, I wouldn't care much if it wasn't a real good likeness. You can buy a handsome gilt frame for it and when you see it hung up in the parlor and remember how we started twenty years ago, you and I, you'll feel mighty proud of it, and no wonder."

Scripps stared at her. "But I tell you, Maria, the portrait's all right. It's the way *I look* that's wrong."

"How look?" said Mrs. Scripps. "Didn't you have on your best coat and everything to match? Come, John!" she said soothingly. "You're just out of sorts."

"Best coat!" cried Scripps, "gilt frame!" Can't I make you understand, woman, that I myself, John Scripps, looked a mean skulking beast, a low-lived usurer, with greed written on every line of my face. And it's so real," he added, "that if it went downtown to-morrow instead of me it would fool everyone into transacting business with it."

"Why, John!" said his wife, overcome with surprise.

"And all the while I was thinking I had climbed the ladder of respectability so high," continued Scripps, "I was going down it—step by step."

Mrs. Scripps began to cry quietly.

"For every dollar I've put into my purse, I've written two on my face. Every time I've squeezed a poor person for a debt, I've

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drawn the furrow of avarice about my mouth. Don't ever mention money to me again, Maria," he said, turning on her. "There will be no more doling out small sums to you and asking what you did with the last. You'll have your own account from now on, and all I ask of you is to spend it—spend it on yourself, spend it on other people, spend it on good works—set it afloat, pass it on—and see that you look generous and happy. Anyway," he added, with a touch of his old dryness, "don't you have your picture painted until you're fifty!"

"Oh, John!" said Mrs. Scripps tearfully.

"We'll go to the theatre to-night," he said. "You send a messenger for the tickets."

"But, John," said his wife, forgetting, "it will cost."

"Cost be damned!" he yelled. "Send at once and do anything else expensive you can think of."

With that he rushed from the room and Mrs. Scripps, left unnerved and hysterical, could hear him still saying, as he bundled into his overcoat and out of the front door and down the street, "spend—spend—spend."

IT WAS on another dull day some two months later that Hawkins working in his studio, heard a familiar rap on the door, followed by the entrance of a dingy figure, which, coming forward into the light, revealed itself as Scripps.

He was surprised at Hawkins' hearty welcome.

"You're just the man I wanted to see, Mr. Scripps," he said.

Scripps looked weary and worn, but he responded to this welcome with a bright glance.

"You see, Mr. Hawkins," he said, "I never paid you for that portrait."

"Oh, that's all right!" said Hawkins heartily. "You didn't like it, you know. You mustn't feel obliged to take it."

"It's been worth a great deal to me," said the old man, slowly. "In fact, Mr. Hawkins, what I'm here for to-day is that I want to pay double for it. If you don't want the money yourself, you can give it to some young artist. It may help him to paint portraits that show people up as they really are."

Hawkins flushed. "See here, Mr. Scripps, we won't say anything more about that, for of course I wouldn't take it." He hesitated a moment and then went on. "I may as well tell you that I was much troubled when I saw how you felt about your picture,

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so troubled, in fact, that I've looked you up a good many times when you didn't know it."

"You have!" said Scripps surprised.

"Yes! I found you were not at your office as usual, and then, as I'm a curious person by nature, and felt besides in this case responsible for the change in you, I set out to discover where you did spend your time."

Scripps looked as embarrassed as a schoolboy caught playing truant.

"It's a wonderful work you've been doing these months, Mr. Scripps. I've watched you at it. I've known of the people you've helped."

Scripps protested huskily.

"I've seen you pass along those remote streets of New York," continued Hawkins, without heeding his remonstrance; "the people all know you now. You are probably not even aware how many of them stop and look after you."

Scripps could not say anything.

"You've worn yourself out for them, Mr. Scripps."

"I'm not tired," said Scripps enthusiastically and truly, worn to a mere shadow of his former self though he was, a spirit looked out of Scripps' face and eyes, that spoke of an indefatigable and undying ardor for life.

Hawkins looked at him admiringly. "You say my portrait has meant a great deal to you, Mr. Scripps," he said slowly. "I think, to be entirely frank with you, I shall have to confess that it has meant a great deal to me, too."

Scripps turned in astonishment.

"I had always been so confident," went on Hawkins, "that I could see things as they were. Just because I had a true eye and a keen power of observation, I thought I could paint people. I did not go deep enough, Mr. Scripps. *I did not go deep enough!* It came to me on the day I finished your portrait, and the impression was confirmed when I saw your dismay at it. I want to tell you I shall never do that style of work again. It's brutal,—it's materialistic—it ignores the real personality. If I have altered your code, Mr. Scripps, you have altered mine, and here's my hand on it."

Scripps gripped his hand heartily. "I thank you, Mr. Hawkins," he said.

"I suppose you don't want to take another look at the portrait

SUCCESS

which has taught us both so many lessons?" asked Hawkins, smiling.

"Why, yes," said Scripps nervously. "Why, certainly, Mr. Hawkins."

Hawkins flooded the darkening studio with light.

"I've kept it on the same easel, on the same spot—you see?"

Scripps looked at the portrait one long moment and then at the artist. He could not find any words, then he reached for a chair which Hawkins quickly held out to him.

"It's another portrait!" he finally gasped.

"A better likeness, Mr. Scripps," said Hawkins, almost tenderly.

The face on the canvas was even more real and lifelike than the first face had been. It was Scripps in every line of it. There was no softening of the grim contours, no glossing over the wrinkles, no flattering the undoubted ugliness, and yet, indefinable and elusive—mysterious as life itself—you felt the humanity of the man. It lay concealed in the hard lines of the mouth—it looked out at you from the eyes—it shone wonderfully from the whole countenance.

Hawkins himself felt humble as he gazed at it. It was some divine spark of genius that had taught him how to paint the portrait of the real Scripps.

SUCCESS

OH, to be rich, the young man boldly prayed!
And set his firm foot on the crowded stair,
Now swiftly climbing, then again delayed,
But never resting in an easy chair;
At length he reached that dizzy, breathless air
We call success, where never mortal stayed
Content, but higher yet must do and dare,
Or else must lose the stake for which he played.

Onward he pushed and scorning as he passed
Every ideal and aim except his own,
As with an iron will and brutal stress
All weak competitors aside he cast,
He touched his sordid goal with wreckage strown
Lost, and defeated by his own success.

JOHN ALBER.

WOMEN SWEEP THE STREETS IN MUNICH, AND SEEM TO ENJOY OUTDOOR WORK



WOMEN sweep the streets in Munich. They do it well. They are conscientious workers, cheerful and alert, and they seem to enjoy it. A young American woman who was there last summer was horrified at the sight of women busy in the streets all day, broom in hand from sunrise to sunset. "The idea of women doing men's rough work," was her sympathetic wail. Now as a matter of fact the idea was a very pleasant one. I have never seen more wholesome, robust, contented working women than the street-sweepers of Munich. Cheeks as red as August roses in the *Hof Garten*; skin a rich lustrous brown, hands capable, muscles flexible, a clear eye and clean smile—how often can one schedule such a list of physical perfections in a New England kitchen.

And such nice, stout, pleasant colored, homespun clothes. Such blues as you see in the Bavarian fields harvest days (where women also help), such reds as belong to warm Bavarian landscapes, the same rich vegetable hue that is in the red-tiled houses and capped stone fences, the red of the earth. A soft blue petticoat, a red sacque, a white kerchief, and a jaunty green Tyrolean hat with a gay little feather, bespeaking an interest in decoration and adornment, is indeed a costume for White Wings to envy. There is a pleasant *guten Tag* with a fine cordiality of intonation to every passer-by. A glad *danke schön* for unexpected *Pfennige*, good cheer for every swing of the broom, and a housewifely pride in the well-garnished *Strasse*.

And, when you stop to think of it, why should women be debarred from wholesome outdoor occupation? What false standards of social conditions have been accepted that it has become a degradation for women to work out of doors, in the fields, in gardens, in town streets?

Not that harvesting and street sweeping are always desirable, or good for all women—but if any one prefers the open, sunlight to shadow, fresh air to cooking smells, why must any one else shudder to see such a one rosy and cheerful and enjoying life? And why must there be an arbitrary dividing line of social sentiment that makes it good form for men to earn a living out of doors and grow stalwart and cheerful so doing, and degrading for women to do it?

SOME DECORATIVE PANELS BY ALBERT HERTER, WHICH ARE A BITING SATIRE ON MODERN HYPER-LUXURIOUS SOCIETY: BY GILES EDGERTON



THE unusual and beautiful room which Albert Herter calls his studio is built with an open court extending from skylight to entrance floor. One side of this court is the hallway with the wall of brick divided off into arches. It was as mural decorations for these arches that Mr. Herter designed the panels shown with this article—panels at once finely decorative from an artist's point of view, and keenly satirical to the student of modern society.

There are five arches to carry decorative studies of Painting, Architecture, Sculpture, Music and Poetry. Of these only the three here presented are completed and in place. Mr. Herter will not talk of these panels as studies of modern social conditions, he seems interested only in their decorative suitability to the spaces for which they were designed. And, after all, what more is there for him to say? What word or gesture or uplift of brow could more effectually lay bare the selfish, self-centered, blasé, degenerate condition of the hyper-luxurious, upper class society of either America or Europe? And egotism; one should not forget the biting incisiveness with which the egotism of the woman dilettante in life is shown: not without charm, not without picturesqueness, never without the quality of physical attraction; but entirely without heart—according to the Anglo-Saxon definition; without soul—as one thinks of spirituality severed from religion; and wholly, tragically, without kindness, in the biggest sense of the word, where it stands for tenderness, sympathy, gentleness.

Not one of the women has the slightest consciousness of any lack whatsoever. Each one is insolently sure of life's humble attitude toward her—her money, her position, her birth. What else has Life to give a woman, except poverty and misery—these she scorns. Even her interest in the five great arts is subjective. What can they contribute to her pleasure, her beauty? Well? What is art for—what is anything for? And the Frenchwoman in the arch shrugs, and the American looks a shade more coldly imperious.

Indeed, so far has the egotism and insolence of the twentieth century luxurious woman gone, so remote is she from the big tumultuous, vibrating thing known as humanity, that mere beauty, the



DECORATIVE PANEL.
BY ALBERT HERTER.



DECORATIVE PANEL.
BY ALBERT HERTER.



DECORATIVE PANEL.
BY ALBERT HEETER.



From a Photograph by Hollinger & Co.

MR. ALBERT HERTER.

A DECORATIVE SATIRE

beauty that Nature gives, no longer satisfies her. Any one may have this beauty, her maid, the woman who serves her in the shops; and so her life study is not the great lovely radiance of beauty that is in color and line and expression and *esprit*; she seeks the unusual, the eccentric, the trick that may differentiate her. She cultivates pallor with morbidly red lips. She stains her ears red; or tints her eyelids and upper face a strange yellow that is esoteric and bewildering. Her hair is just a part of the color scheme she desires in her make-up, red or gold or dead black or straw or white.

She calls this strange confusion of nature, her temperament. I have seen in Paris on the Boulevard des Italiens in a single afternoon a dozen women with their faces painted a queer mauve, their lips purple, and all draped in pale red or purple veils. I have not yet found out what phase of mysterious charm it was intended to express. But the Frenchmen at the cafés knew. They peered up over the pale green drink and wagged studio beards appreciatively.

In America the purple complexion has not yet arrived; but among the newly rich insolence has taken possession of the younger generation, and egotism with it, and the morbid desire for a personal picturesque eccentricity, and the need to express a full understanding that the world is largely peopled with "mere masses,"—and above all there is the desire to seem artificial.

Mr. Herter does not, however, say any of these things. He tells you how he found the lovely strange green and peach tints in the brick wall by scraping off an ugly red paint, how half-way down to the brick surface the workmen came upon these delicate mixed hues due to a former painting. And so the wall was left, to the workmen's horror, a mixture of rarely lovely tints, and glazed. Mr. Herter explains that the color scheme of the panels was worked out to harmonize with the wall tints, and furnished with an accent of black, which culminates in the center arch, to avoid an attenuated delicacy of tone.

The inscriptions under each panel, in dead black with letters of gold, form a part of the general color-scheme, and here and there throughout the panels the gold reappears on cushion or embroidery or furniture, a vivifying sharp accent in the exquisite variations of pale greens and mellow peach bloom. Not for an instant does the palette lose its head, nowhere does the artist forget the wall which is the inspiration—women, children, men and interiors, all are made to conform to the tones of the old painted bricks.

PRAYER OF THE BRAIN-SPINNERS

From a decorative point of view the arched panels are an unusual and convincing achievement; they are equally so when studied thoughtfully and regretfully from a sociological viewpoint. They are a searching and pitiless satire on modern luxurious existence, presented in tints of a misty May sunrise,—the cruelest truth told with a brush dipped in the calyx of a peach blossom. And, as Mr. Herter contends, "the decorative effect in relation to the wall is all right."

PRAYER OF THE BRAIN-SPINNERS

GIVE us a work for our hands, O Master of Toil;
Weary are we of the din and shifting strife,
Endlessly waged in the endless fields of the air,
Weary of searching in vain for the clues of life.

Strong is the pull of the rock, the clay and the tool,
Quick in our blood is the yearning to carve us a sign,
Tangible, real, to stand in the eye of the sun,
Shapeless howe'er, yet by joy of creation, divine!

Give and withhold not, O Master of Toil and of Life!
Sweet will the rest be at nightfall, but sweeter to say
Words not, but works I leave, and the work is good,—
Even as God, on the eve of the seventh day!

—HELEN M. BULLIS.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF SAVING BABIES' LIVES: PRACTICAL METHOD OF IMPROVING CITIES' MILK SUPPLY: BY JOHN SPARGO



FROM the "over population" cry of Malthus to the "race suicide" cry of President Roosevelt is an astounding transition. Throughout a large part of the nineteenth century the influence of the Malthusian dread of an increase of population beyond the limits of the means of sustenance dominated the political economy of the English-speaking world—and most of the rest of the world included in the category of civilization. The idea was not restricted to the economists, but obsessed the popular mind in a most remarkable manner. Whenever it was proposed to do anything for the improvement of the conditions of the masses, the cry was raised that nothing could be done until means were found to check "the devastating torrent of babies."

Now, the pendulum has swung to the other extreme. There is universal concern and fear because of a rapidly diminishing birth-rate, and a cry of "race suicide" is the terror of the nations. Of the facts there can be no question: the decline in fertility of the human species in highly civilized countries ranks among the most interesting phenomena which sociologists are endeavoring to explain. There is an increasing tendency to sterility in modern life, but whether we should regard the fact pessimistically, as President Roosevelt does, or optimistically, as Mr. H. G. Wells does, is too big a question for discussion here. It may be that, as Major Charles E. Woodruff and other scientists contend, this is but the beneficent working of a great natural law, universally operative in all species, tending to keep population within the limits of subsistence. The birth-rate diminishes, but so does the death-rate. An increased or even stationary birth-rate with a decreasing death-rate would inevitably lead to over-population. Formerly in civilized countries, the birth-rate was high because the rate of extermination was also high—conditions which obtain still in backward countries. To the holders of this view, the decreased birth-rate is only Nature's mysterious and wonderful automatic adjustment to conditions.

Whatever the explanation may be, the facts remain. Unquestionably, sterility is almost universally the accompaniment of intellectual and material advance. Polybius attributed the decay of Greece to depopulation by this means, and says, "In our times all

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Greece has been afflicted with a failure of offspring, in a word with a scarcity of men . . . though we have not been visited either with a series of wars or with epidemic diseases . . . For when men gave themselves up to ease and comfort, and indolence, and would neither marry, nor rear children born out of marriage, or at most only one or two, in order to leave these rich, and to bring them up in luxury, the evil soon spread imperceptibly, but with rapid growth." He urged the people of Greece to change their habits, "or at all events to enact laws compelling parents to rear their children." Mommsen and Seeley among modern historians attribute the decay of Rome largely to the same cause.

Something of fear lest the experience of these great civilizations of antiquity be ours, whether justly founded or not, has had the effect of awakening attention to the importance of keeping alive the babies that are born. While the decline in the birth-rate is probably not due in any measurable degree to choice and is a sociobiologic question, rather than a moral one as Mr. Roosevelt, like Polybius, believes, there can be no question as to the possibility of largely reducing the infant death-rate, and, consequently, of our collective moral responsibility for the excessive infantile mortality of the present. When England was confronted by a dearth of soldiers, her statesmen turned their attention to the sources of the problem, how to save the children. Because of the narrow margin of births over deaths, France values her babies more highly than ever, more highly than any other country in the world. In the great Australian Commonwealths, the decline in the birth-rate in recent years has caused great anxiety and forced statesmen and men of science to seek ways and means of preventing needless infantile mortality. In this country, our alarm at "race suicide" has given a very noticeable impetus to child study, and especially to the important subject of saving as many as possible of the tens of thousands of babies now needlessly, ignorantly sacrificed every year. Never before in the history of the world, probably—certainly not in modern times—was so much intelligent, serious effort devoted to this important task.

MANY factors enter into the stream of causes which make up the great ocean of needlessly sacrificed baby lives, of which the chief are perhaps ignorance and poverty. The ignorance of many mothers—I am almost tempted to say the *average* mother!—is most appalling. To hear a group of Settlement workers,

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visiting nurses and physicians relating their experiences and enumerating the many deleterious things given to young babies, is a tragic experience. Babies a few weeks old given tea, beer, vegetables, bread, fish, candy, ice cream, pickles—the awful list might be extended almost indefinitely. Undoubtedly, ignorant feeding is a prime factor in the problem of infantile mortality.

And here a strange, almost frightful development of the nature of the human mother enters, a truly wonderful phenomenon. The best, indeed, almost the only safe, food for a baby is the milk of its mother. Anything but maternal milk is foreign to the digestive tract of the infant, as Dr. Chapin, one of our most distinguished authorities upon infant feeding, points out. While physical separation takes place at birth, there is a very real *physiological* connection between mother and infant, under normal conditions, for many months afterward, until the child is weaned. It depends upon the mother for life just as directly as it depended in the womb. Dr. Chapin states the matter clearly when he says, "From a physiological standpoint, the artificially-fed baby is a premature child." And the modern mother is growing more and more unable to nurse her child at her breast. For some subtle reason, this function of maternity is being atrophied in civilized women; and the higher their civilization, the less able are they to nurse their own offspring.

There is not in existence, so far as I am aware, any considerable body of statistical testimony which can be cited in support of this assertion. The fact is admitted, however, by most of the leading medical authorities. Hundreds of physicians of large experience have assured me that they have found it to be so in their practice. It is not, as is very generally supposed, that modern mothers are unwilling to nurse their offspring, setting social pleasures above maternal duties. This may be true of a very small number of women, abnormal types. With the vast majority of women the trouble is *physiological*, nothing less than an absolute decay of the function. While among savages and primitive people the inability of mothers to suckle their offspring is rarely or never encountered, among the well-to-do classes in the most progressive countries it is so common as to almost become the rule. In this country, Dr. L. Emmet Holt, a well-known authority upon all that relates to infant feeding, finds this incapacity to nurse infants at the breast to be increasing, mainly among the well-to-do classes, but also among the poorest. Of the former, he tells us, not more than twenty-five per cent. of those who have earnestly and intelligently attempted

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to nurse have succeeded in doing so satisfactorily for as long as three months. "An intellectual city mother who is able to nurse her child successfully for the entire first year is almost a phenomenon," he says.

Professor von Bunge, a famous German authority, with the assistance of over a hundred German, Austrian and Swiss physicians, who had been his pupils, and were selected because of their reliability as observers, gathered particulars concerning two thousand families in those countries. His researches have convinced him that by far the largest number of mothers who do not nurse their offspring are physiologically unable to do so. He believes that more than half of the mothers in the cities of central Europe are physically unable to suckle their infants. A famous Japanese physician wrote me from Tokyo that breast-feeding tends to become more and more difficult among well-to-do Japanese women. In the language of an eminent English physician, "The human infant tends more and more to become a parasite of the milch-cow."

IN CONSEQUENCE of this critical failure of the maternal function, artificial feeding for infants is on the increase and becomes more and more important. It is not impossible, nor even very unlikely, that in the course of a few generations artificial feeding will be the rule in civilized countries and breast-feeding practically unknown. What the causes of this strange phenomenon are no one as yet knows. It appears likely that the complexity of life in our modern cities has something to do with it, though it exists in rural communities also, its prevalence in Ireland, for instance, being the matter of much comment. Is there some connection between the development of woman's intellect and her failure as a mother? Why is it that the domestic animals, living under much the same conditions, do not appear to be affected in this way? Why is it that the Jewish mother succeeds in nursing her infant while the Gentile mother fails? These are questions which science is not yet able to answer.

A bewildering array of artificial foods, most of them cunningly advertised, tempt the mother who is unable to nurse her own baby as Nature intended. Of the great majority of these foods it is safe to say that they are little better than poisons whose sale should be forbidden. Of the remaining minority, few can be given with perfect safety to every child, or with the expectancy of good results. In Germany there is a law which provides that whenever a child

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dies in the first year of life the death certificate must state not only the cause of death, but the mode of feeding adopted from birth. The records show that of children fed upon artificial food fifty-one per cent. die in the first year, while only eight per cent. of those fed naturally, at their mothers' breasts, die in the same period. In attempting to secure a satisfactory substitute for mother's milk the aim should be, it is universally agreed by the medical profession, to secure a food as closely resembling human milk as can be devised. But, while milk is an animal substance, most of the patent infant foods are composed wholly or in large part of vegetable matter, such as wheat flour. Many of them contain a large percentage of starch, a substance which is indigestible by the infant and highly injurious. Moreover, milk, especially as it comes to the child from the mother's breast, is a living biological fluid, while the prepared foods consist of inert matter.

The best substitute for human milk is without question the milk of the cow. Upon that there is an overwhelming consensus of medical opinion. It much more nearly resembles human milk than do any of the artificial foods containing vegetable matter, and is for that reason desirable. Cow's milk therefore becomes the staple diet of a large proportion of the world's babies—the infant human animal becomes a parasite upon the cow. But while cow's milk is the one substitute which resembles human milk in so many ways as to lead to its general adoption, it differs from the human lacteal fluid in many important particulars. It is, through much handling and almost inevitable exposure, more liable to bacterial contamination. More important even than this, is the fact that it has a hard curd, difficult for the single infantile human stomach to digest, which is not to be wondered at when one remembers that Nature intended it for an animal with four stomachs, while for the human infant with its single stomach a soft-curded milk was Nature's wise provision.

IN A SENSE, the milk of one species is poison to any other species. When an animal is attacked by poisonous bacteria, they seem of themselves to form in the blood certain protective, neutralizing qualities, called in the technology of the laboratory "anti-bodies." It is contended by many experts that mother's milk contains these useful anti-bodies and carries them into the infant's body. They point to the immunity of breast nurslings from infectious diseases. Mothers with typhoid suckle their offspring

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without infecting them. Professor Rogers, an eminent French authority, has published a list of forty-nine cases of nursing mothers admitted with their infants to an isolation hospital. Fifteen had measles, nineteen scarlet fever, eight tonsillitis, one diphtheria, five erysipelas and one mumps. With the exception of one debilitated infant who contracted erysipelas, no child contracted disease, notwithstanding that all were suckled by their mothers.

Whether bovine diseases can be transmitted to the human infant through the milk of the cow is a question which the foremost medical and bacteriological experts of the world have affirmed and denied with equal emphasis. Dr. Koch, the discoverer of the tubercular bacillus, asserted with striking emphasis in London, six years ago, that bovine and human tuberculosis were essentially different and that it was impossible to transmit human tuberculosis to cattle by inoculation. Therefore, said he, we have no need to fear infection from cattle by ingestion. He pointed out the fact that infants, who depend in an increasing proportion wholly upon cow's milk, do not suffer as much as might be expected from intestinal tuberculosis. As against this sweeping assertion of Koch, there is the undoubted fact that many experiments in this country and Europe have beyond doubt accomplished the transmission of human tuberculosis to cattle, and that bovine tuberculosis has been accidentally contracted by human beings. The evidence adduced by Dr. Ravenel, of the Pennsylvania State Live-Stock Sanitary Board, upon these two points seems to be fairly conclusive. There is a celebrated case, familiar to most physicians, placed upon record by Gosse, a famous physician of Geneva. His own daughter was infected by drinking the milk of a cow upon his own farm which, unknown to him, suffered with tuberculosis of the udder. That she died of tuberculosis of the bovine variety, and that inoculation was by ingestion, was abundantly shown by the post-mortem examination which, with rare courage, he performed himself. Professor von Behring, after the most careful investigation, has announced positively that bovine tuberculosis is transmissible to human beings and is even more dangerous than the human variety. This is the opinion, too, of the British Royal Commission appointed to investigate the subject.

When it is remembered that a very large percentage of cattle—even in the most select herds—suffer from tuberculosis, the udders and milk ducts being often diseased, the important relation of this subject of bovine diseases to infant feeding will be readily apparent.

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Not long ago, a wealthy New Yorker, hoping to secure a safe and pure milk supply for his child, had a new cow barn built at his country place. He secured eight fine young Alderney cows, all registered animals. Soon afterward one of the cows became very sick and died; and a post-mortem revealed the fact that the disease was tuberculosis. Of the remaining seven cows, five were pronounced to be tubercular by a representative of the State Agricultural Department. It was an experience similar to this which led Mr. Nathan Straus, the man to whom the mothers of America will some day erect a monument when they realize what he has done, to enter upon the work which has resulted in saving thousands of baby lives. He was living in the Adirondacks, about fifteen years ago, and to insure a pure milk supply for his family kept a cow. One day the cow died suddenly and Mr. Straus thought she had been poisoned. He sent for a veterinary surgeon who found that the animal's lungs had been eaten away by consumption. From that time, no more raw milk was used by the Straus family.

THE danger of infection by tuberculosis or other bovine diseases is, however, not the only one attendant upon the consumption of milk. As a culture medium for bacterial life, milk is hardly surpassed by any substance, and the result of carelessness in the various processes of milk production and distribution, from the milking stool in the cow barn to the pail in the grocery store or the can on the vendor's wagon, and thence to the consumer's table, means contamination and the supply of milk to infants containing a dangerously high percentage of bacterial life. While Professor von Behring, arguing from the frequency of gastro-intestinal diseases in young children, has proclaimed that milk containing more than one thousand bacteria per cubic centimeter, or about sixteen drops, should never on any account be given to an infant, it is generally regarded as reasonably clean and pure milk which does not contain more than from twenty thousand to thirty thousand bacteria per c.c. But in most of our cities there is no bacterial standard at all, while in the great majority of cases where there is such a standard it is absurdly and awfully high. Thus, in Milwaukee the standard of "purity" is two hundred and fifty thousand bacteria per cubic centimeter! In Boston it is five hundred thousand—a standard worse, in many ways, than none at all! In many of our cities the average bacterial counts run well into the millions. Five millions, or about twice as many as average sewage, is not

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uncommon. In one New York store samples of milk bought on thirteen successive days, by members of the British Health Committee appointed to investigate the milk conditions in various large cities throughout the world, an average of more than one hundred and thirty-three million bacteria per cubic centimeter was discovered! Of course, such milk is poison to infant life.

To many persons the word bacteria calls up visions of terrible unseen dangers. It may be well, therefore, to explain that relatively few of these bacteria are harmful in any sense, and fewer still dangerous. Were it otherwise, we should, of course, be poisoned in very short order. The *kind* of bacteria in the milk is thus quite as important as the number. Milk having relatively few bacteria may have more dangerous ones than milk having an enormous number. That is, however, not common. The larger the number of bacteria in the milk, the greater the possibility of there being dangerous ones among them. How real this danger is we may see in the recent experience of Chicago and its suburbs. Many thousands of cases of diphtheria and scarlet fever occurred, being directly traceable to the milk supplied by one of the greatest milk companies in the United States, the source of infection being some Wisconsin dairies. Chicago, like a good many other American cities, has had no adequate inspection of its milk supply and no bacterial standard. It has paid the penalty in an awful epidemic.

A hundred and fifty years ago, Smollet, the English novelist, wrote a terrible description of the milk supply of his time. It is too disgusting to be printed here, but it is valuable to students of the subject because of the vivid picture it gives of the almost unbelievably foul conditions that prevailed in the distribution of milk. Fortunately, things are not so bad to-day, but there is still much carelessness and neglect of ordinary hygienic precautions in milking and vending the milk. To see cows with filthy udders, milked in still filthier barns, by men and women with dirty hands and clothing; to see lumps of manure drop into the milk pail, often followed by a dirty hand, and to see in the retail store the open milk can exposed to all the dust, or the germ-covered dipper thrust into the milk and then allowed to lie upon the counter collecting more germs while it awaits the next customer—these are not unusual sights to-day. Even the staid, conservative old *British Medical Journal* in an article describing the condition of the milk supply a century and a half after Smollet's terrific arraignment, uses the awful caption, "Pus as a Beverage." And when, last November, I attended the Milk

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Conference in the New York Academy of Medicine, and listened to the reports of sanitary inspectors and others, I could not but feel the appropriateness of this description to much of the milk which is placed upon the market in many of our cities and towns to-day. No one at all familiar with the subject doubts for an instant that a frank description of the milk supply in many of our cities would far outdo "The Jungle" in horror.

In New York City the whole subject of the milk supply is at present receiving a great deal of attention. While conditions are bad, awfully bad, there has been much improvement during the past few years. And this result is attained in spite of great obstacles. The great city needs for each day's supply one million six hundred thousand quarts of milk. This immense sea of milk comes from over thirty thousand dairies, some of them four hundred miles away. From remote corners of Pennsylvania and from Ohio milk is sent into New York. Much of the milk is from twenty-four to forty-eight hours old on arrival in the city, offering numerous inducements for the use of "preservatives." It is sold from about twelve thousand places, offering many inducements for the use of water or baser adulterants, and unlimited facilities for contamination. The fact is that the science of milk production and distribution is as yet in its infancy. We are beginning to learn.

WHEN Mr. Nathan Straus was brought to such a dramatic realization of the perils of an infected milk supply, he determined to pasteurize his family milk supply. Later, oppressed by the awful infantile mortality rate, he decided to establish an Infants' Milk Depot as an experiment. After a most painstaking study of the subject, and conference with scores of physicians in this country and Europe upon the respective merits of "raw," "sterilized," "pasteurized," "whole," and "modified" milks, he decided upon pasteurization and modification. The highest standard of milk obtainable was procured, a little depot set up on a pier at the foot of East Third Street, and pasteurized milk in sealed bottles, both full strength and modified, sold at a very low price. The results were unquestionably beneficial, both directly and indirectly. Not only were the lives of many sick babies preserved by its direct use, but the depot became at once an educative factor and spread, through its appeal to maternal curiosity, a wonderful amount of information about infant hygiene and feeding. This experiment has grown into a world-famous philanthropy. At the

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present time there are about twenty Straus depots in the city of New York, supplying nearly two million bottles of milk. Mr. Straus himself says that the movement has outgrown the limits of private philanthropy and should now be undertaken by the community. It would be impossible to even guess at the number of baby lives saved by the Straus depots, but the number certainly runs into several thousands—a glorious record for any citizen!

Perhaps no better concrete example of the influence of the Straus depots in lowering the infant death-rate can be cited than the following, given in the philanthropist's own modest words

"I will cite the case of a public institution where the death-rate of the children was so high that it became a public scandal. This was on Randall's Island. Though the city had their own herd of cows, which were kept on the Island, carefully tended and apparently in perfect health, they did not succeed in reducing the death-rate below forty-four per cent. At that time I was President of the Health Board, and the institution came under my direct charge. I had a chance to study the appalling conditions that still prevailed there. After I had resigned from this office, encouraged by the results I had already obtained in the city, I installed on the Island a complete plant for the pasteurization of milk. In the very first year of its operation, the death-rate of the children made the astonishing drop of from forty-four per cent to twenty per cent. Remember, there was no other change made either in diet, hygiene or management of the institution. The rate was later reduced to the still lower figure of sixteen and five-tenths per cent.

"Just think of the enormous saving of lives if pasteurization were generally adopted.

"I have done as much as one man could to establish and promote the use of pasteurized milk everywhere, but all that has been accomplished is merely a fraction of the good that could be done were the supply of pure milk made a municipal function as much as the supply of pure water. There can be no question but that the supply of milk everywhere should be pasteurized, not only that intended for infants, since the use of raw milk for adults is almost equally fraught with danger."

Pasteurization, which is heating to a temperature of one hundred and sixty-five degrees Fahr. for twenty minutes and the French method of sterilization, which is heating to a temperature of two hundred and twelve degrees Fahr. for one hour or one hour and thirty minutes, are both strongly objected to by many physicians.

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American physicians almost unanimously reject the French method on the ground that "it cooks the curd with the germs," makes the milk hard to digest, destroys some of its nutritive qualities, and specifically causes constipation and scurvy. Most of these same objections are urged, with less force, against pasteurization. It is further urged that neither method is necessary; that if care is taken to secure clean milk it can be kept so clean as to require no "cooking." All the opponents of pasteurization concede that if milk is contaminated it should be pasteurized, while all the advocates of pasteurization admit that if pure milk, free from disease, could be secured, there would not be the slightest need of pasteurizing it. The issue, then, is simply, "can means be devised whereby the milk supply of the average American city can be brought up to this high level of cleanliness"? Mr. Straus regretfully answers this question in the negative and goes on his way pasteurizing and advocating the universal pasteurization of all milk, pointing to wonderful results in support of his claims.

IN ROCHESTER, N. Y., there is a man who takes a much more hopeful view. He believes in the practicability of securing a clean milk supply for our cities as thoroughly as he believes in America, or in himself. He is no visionary, this man who affirms that "the pasteurization of milk is a grave error," whose name is synonymous with clean milk. If he were not a successful physician and public official, this shrewd, practical American would be a successful man of business. The work of George W. Goler, Health Officer of Rochester, is perhaps even better known to the leaders of the medical profession in Europe than in this country—to the great mass of his fellow-countrymen he is unknown. Yet, he has been doing wonderful things, revolutionizing the methods of dealing with the milk problem of cities, and, incidentally, saving priceless baby lives.

Rochester is a city of about one hundred and eighty-five thousand inhabitants. There is something of the free dom and progressiveness of the West about it, shot through with the conservatism of New England. With about five thousand births per annum there must be at all times nearly twenty thousand children under five years of age in the city. Its daily milk supply of seventy-five thousand quarts is drawn from something like seven hundred farms, all lying within a radius of fifty or sixty miles. It is distributed by two hundred and twenty-five retailers, each of whom is licensed and

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pays an annual fee of two dollars. Its milk problem, therefore, is radically different from that of our greatest cities, like New York or Chicago, and is much more typical of the average American city. The lessons drawn from its experience, therefore, are lessons for the average city.

Prior to eighteen hundred and ninety-seven the infantile death-rate in Rochester was, as in most cities, very heavy, notwithstanding the many physical advantages of the city. In the nine years, eighteen hundred and eighty-eight to eighteen hundred ninety-six, inclusive, there were six thousand six hundred and twenty-nine deaths among children under the age of five years. There was a system of milk inspection, it is true, but it was woefully inadequate and inefficient. There were one or two inspectors with whom sobriety was not a strong point, and they were known to "borrow" money from milkmen. That they should protect the milkmen in return for these favors was a natural result. Just ten years ago Dr. Goler established an Infants' Milk Depot for two months, July and August, in which the tide of infant mortality always rises. The work began in a very primitive way, and the total cost to the city was three hundred dollars. A store was rented in a thickly populated district and fitted with running water, gas stoves, counters and shelves. Two nurses were placed at the disposal of Dr. Goler by two of the hospitals of the city, and they pasteurized and cooled the milk and sold it at cost to the mothers who came for it. A little pamphlet, a model of wisdom, brevity and lucidity, entitled "How to Take Care of Babies," was printed in four languages and freely distributed. We know now how the three hundred dollars was expended; the results are roughly indicated, but not scientifically measured, by figures which point out that the infantile death-rate in the worst period of the year has been reduced to nearly one-half. Lest it be thought that the basis of comparison is an unfair one, a comparison of the figures for eighteen hundred and ninety-seven with the average death-rate for a period of nine years shows just about the same percentage of decrease in the annual death-rate.

It is not likely that this result was entirely due to the milk actually distributed. Possibly, that was of less importance than the education indirectly accomplished through the interest roused in the city by the establishment of the milk station. That this was so seems to be the natural inference from the fact that during the next two summers, though there were four stations in place of one, and the quantity of milk distributed was vastly increased, the re-

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sults were practically the same. Some wiseacres made the prediction that Dr. Goler had reached the irreducible minimum of infant mortality and that further progress could not be expected. Perhaps most men would have been satisfied with such an accomplishment, but not so Dr. Goler. While satisfied with the return made for the ridiculously small amount of money invested, he would not, could not, believe that the limit had been reached.

THEN came the thought, "pasteurization is good for dirty milk—dead disease germs are less harmful than living ones; but why have filthy milk at all—why not aim at clean milk which needs no pasteurization?" That simple idea of cleanliness has made Rochester famous wherever men and women are seriously trying to keep the babies alive. It is the essence of the political economy of saving babies.

So, in nineteen hundred, instead of pasteurized milk for the infants Dr. Goler tried clean raw milk. A contract was made with a farmer for all his milk at so much per quart, upon condition that he would observe the hygienic directions of Dr. Goler and his assistants. A portable laboratory, consisting of a discarded election booth, was set up on the farm selected. Outside the house, under canvas, a sink and running water were set up where the bottles were washed. Then there was a tent with sterilizers, each sterilizer holding two gross of nursing bottles—for here instead of sterilizing the milk, they sterilize the bottles and cans. Another tent was provided for the nurse in charge to sleep in—the entire "plant" costing between five and six hundred dollars. With the introduction of new methods of simple cleanliness, the infantile death-rate began to decline again, though the decline was not as great as before. In spite of the rapidly increasing population of Rochester a careful comparison of the infantile death-rate shows a decrease of more than fifty per cent. in spite of the great increase of population in a comparative estimate covering the whole period of nine years, eighteen hundred and eighty-eight to eighteen hundred and ninety-six, when there were no Infants' Milk Depots as against the succeeding nine years after the establishment of the Infants' Milk Depots and the insuring of a better supply. Not only have the good results obtained by pasteurization been maintained, through taking care to obtain clean milk and then doing away with the pasteurizing process, but actually improved upon. And, as we shall see, the latter method is more economical.

When it was demonstrated that practically pure milk could be

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had if proper care were taken to keep it clean at all stages, Dr. Goler and his assistants began a campaign of education among the farmers and a more rigid system of inspection. Thus they attacked the general milk supply of the city. In their inspections and tests they very wisely paid more attention to the percentage of dirt and bacteria than to the percentage of fats—a reversal of the usual custom. The farmers at first were accustomed to sneer at the “fads” of this man who pooh-poohed their silver-plated centrifugal machines, which gathered balls of dung and hair from the milk; who said that pasteurizing killed the good germs as well as the bad—and a little more effectively. They were not impressed when he said that it was better to keep the cow barns clean, to cleanse the cows' udders and their own hands and clothing; that sterilizing the cans was better than tampering with the milk and making it harder for babies to digest. But persistence wins, and Rochester to-day has the purest milk supply in America. Dr. Joseph Roby, one of Dr. Goler's assistants, says that before this campaign it was practically impossible to find a dealer whose milk could be depended upon to contain less than one hundred thousand bacteria per c.c. A great many dealers would have samples containing seventy-five thousand, fifty thousand, or even ten thousand one month only to jump to five hundred thousand, or higher, the next month. The average monthly counts for the city ranged from one hundred thousand per c.c. in winter to five hundred thousand per c.c. in summer. But the milk produced under the supervision of the city—and a different farm has been chosen each year as an educational feature of the campaign—gives an average count of three thousand eight hundred and fifty-three bacteria per cubic centimeter, or quarter teaspoonful. Only one sample has gone above twenty thousand (twenty-nine thousand), twenty-one have been below one thousand—an almost unprecedented thing. One sample gave only two hundred and forty, establishing a record for purity. Under this system there is practically no chance whatever for the spread of infectious diseases through an infected milk supply.

And this work costs the city of Rochester less than one thousand dollars a year! Dr. Goler says, and points to the actual experience of several years to prove it, that for a trifle over one thousand dollars a year the system can be carried out in any city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, and in larger cities at a proportionate cost.

REDEEMING THE UGLIEST TOWN ON EARTH: BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS



IX years ago Butte, Montana, bore the undisputed title of the ugliest town on earth. Following the logic of the excellent Vicar of Wakefield, whose philosophy saw hope in the very fact that he had reached the ultimate limit of misfortune, Butte, having attained the maximum of ugliness, had at least gained a point from which to start. Towns, and more especially western towns, do not stand still, and since Butte could not move downward, it must of necessity climb up.

The ugliness of Butte was the direct result of artificial conditions. Nature had clad the mountains upon which the city rests with pine grove and thicket of fern; she had erected about it noble peaks, robed royally in purple haze and shining with the perennial benediction of the snow. Within the memory of living men the site of Butte had borne the columned canopy of the forest, the rush of clear streams, the gay patchwork of grass, bitter-root and the myriad mountain flowers. But the hand of man had turned vandal here, and in ruthless quest of copper, shafts were sunk, smelters arose, clouds of sulphur smoke killed the last bud and sprig, and the hills stood naked, lean and stripped. The approach to the city from the East bore a startling likeness to Dante's description of the outlying regions of Purgatory. The huge boulders thrown from their native pedestals by pre-historic convulsions lay scattered in grotesque heaps, and on the desolate cairns and wastes was the ever-present stain of the smoke. If, perchance, a traveller entered the town in the shades of evening over the Continental Divide, the similarity to the scenes of Dante need not end with the approach to Purgatory, for beneath, swimming in a palpitating sea of smoke which filled the bowl of the valley with opal waves, lay the likeness of the Inferno itself. There tall chimneys were capped with points of flame; long, lurid, crawling streams of molten slag burned the heavy darkness into a crimson glow, and, occasionally, a bright flare of red light, when the slag was dumped, completed a scene of picturesque horror.

The town itself, in the impartial light of day, presented a less diabolical but more monotonous appearance. Row upon row of ugly little houses and a few even uglier large ones told eloquently of the status of the place. Had a stranger, ignorant of his environment, been set down in Butte, he would have known at a glance toward the long, low hill bristling with shaft-houses and smoke-

REDEEMING THE UGLIEST TOWN

stacks, and the multitude of cheap, unlovely houses that crouched beneath, just the character of the town in which he stood; he would have seen in the shaft-houses the reason for its being and the mastering idea of its people; in the rows of cottages and tenements indifference to comfort and beauty. These were not homes; they were the capital of the landlord. If architecture, or the lack of architecture, ever spoke, it was here, and its language was unmistakable.

IN THIS prevailing ugliness the story of Butte was told. The fame of the copper mines spread across the seas, around the world, and poor and adventurous fortune-seekers of all lands flocked here as had the earlier Argonauts to the golden shores of California. They came, lured hither by the hope of wealth, to stay a little while, then pass on to pleasanter pastures. No one cared to make this temporary abiding-place more lovely; anything would do for the few months or years and then,—there was the cherished vision of a far-away Elysium called Home. First the log cabin sheltered the prospector from the cold, then, as the camp grew, this crude form was supplanted by the tenements and cottages built to rent, and in a few cases, by gaudily expensive mansions of mushroom millionaires. There was a certain rugged picturesqueness in the log cabin which these later dwellings lacked, for in their unsymmetrical and unreasonable forms were seen the worst of many styles and the best of none. Every square foot within the walls of a house was crowded with people. The custom of renting rooms was general and the town supported a surprising number of small boarding-houses. A homely sage has said, with keen wisdom, that no man ever died fighting for his boarding-house; one might go farther and say that where rented houses prevail over homes, civic improvement will decline if it has ever existed, for the hearthstone of the home is the foundation stone of democracy. At this time, Butte was virtually a city of rented dwellings; and these poor places, where people wasted the greatest hour of their lives,—the Present, for the will-o'-the-wisp of the Future—were unredeemed by a glimpse of green, a single flower or the shielding charity of a vine.

The moral effect was self-evident. What wonder that the children of Butte, especially the boys, were notoriously bad? What wonder that their starved little hearts, with never a flower nor a spear of grass to look upon, should be turned from the beautiful and good, blighted and stained as the place in which they lived? God pity the little children whose playground is the barren street:



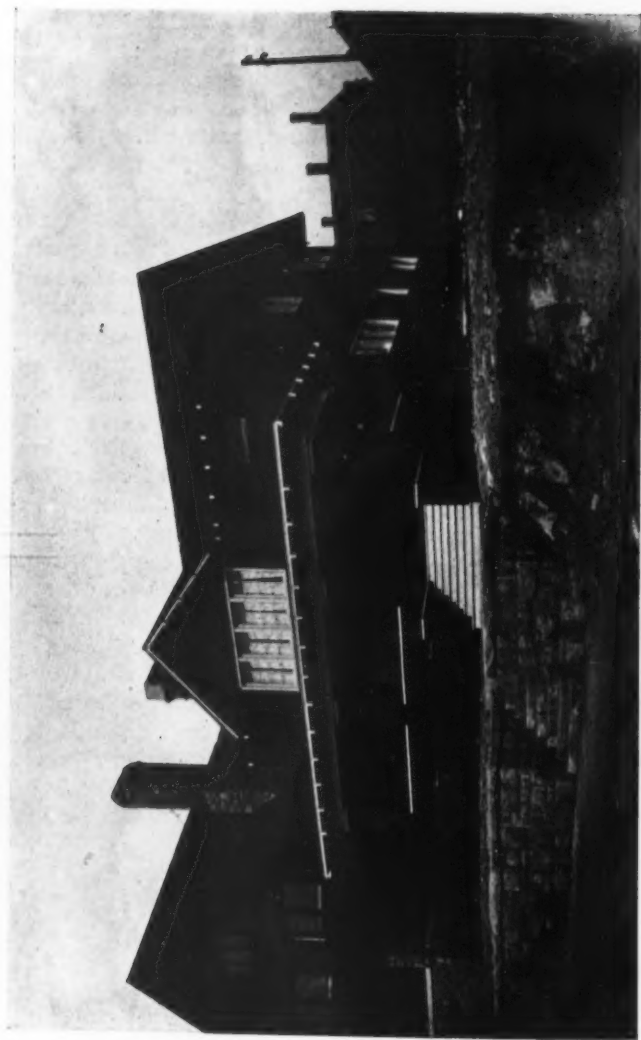
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE IN BUTTE, MONTANA. OWNED BY ALFRED LONGLEY.
SAME HOUSE: FRONT AND SIDE VIEWS.



LIVING ROOM IN MR. LONGLEY'S HOUSE,
OPENING IN FURNISHED HALL: DE-
SIGNER FROM CRAFTSMAN INTERIORS.



DINING ROOM IN MR. LONGLEY'S HOUSE
IN BUTTE: FURNISHED WITH CRAFTS-
MAN FURNITURE AND FITTINGS.



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE IN BUTTE, MONTANA.
OWNED BY MR. SAMUEL BARKER.

REDEEMING THE UGLIEST TOWN

who do not know the joy of growing things and the ever wonderful growing of the seed into the plant! Not only the children felt the contamination of perverted environment. The treasure was too vast to be undisputed, and from greed, the mastering evil,—greed of the same type that would rob us of Niagara Falls and our greatest natural possessions,—corruption, bribery and political debauchery soiled the name of the state. It was as if the hungry throats of the dark shafts were never satisfied; that they were usurers of the most relentless sort, demanding compound interest for the wealth they yielded. The forests were stripped to be consumed by their tunnels and drifts; the honor of men sank in their depths and not infrequently a human life was offered up under crashing rocks, an awful sacrifice on the altar of Mammon. And over all, the cloud of smoke hung heavily, hiding the blue sky, the mountain heights and the sun, until men forgot to turn their eyes above. While the pall drifted thick and dark overhead, the bell of the cathedral tolled with appalling frequency and victim after victim of pneumonia was taken down the winding way to the barren graveyard in the "flat." It is of record that one of these grim processions of death was lost in the smoke which seemed maliciously to deny the dead a couch of earth on which to rest.

IN SPITE of such disadvantages the camp grew into a city, and as thousands of people flocked to its mines, these conditions became unbearable. First, the old practice of roasting ore in heaps upon the ground was prohibited, then one by one the smelters were shut down and the output of the mines sent to the great Washoe Smelter at Anaconda, a town twenty-five miles distant. Thus the smoke drifted away forever and left the air pure to breathe, the sun clear to warm the blood and made possible the existence of a city worthy of the name. Little by little, people came to understand that vegetation could be a concrete reality and not a tradition. The discovery of enormous ore bodies extending for miles across the "flat" up the scarred sides of the Rocky Mountains assured the future of Butte's resources past the life of the present generation, and somehow those poor toilers, who had come to stay a while and then pass on, found themselves at the end of years, still toiling with the dream of home farther away, and a yearning instead for something better here and now. They had forgotten to live during that period of oblivion, and they were waking, as after a long, long sleep. The impulse was general. Money was plentiful enough

REDEEMING THE UGLIEST TOWN

and people began to build homes,—homes with tentative little gardens which flourished and grew. The earth was ready for seeds; men's minds were ready for new ideas.

And as the seeds were dropped into the soil which gave them forth again in diverse forms of plant life, so the germ of a new idea planted in the public mind took root and grew, and the fruit of it was the CRAFTSMAN movement. It could not have come to Butte at a more opportune time. People were reaching out for some tangible way to redeem the barren ugliness and the wasted years. Men and women long exiled from the beautiful took it up with the vigor of enthusiasm and it was not long before its results were seen in material form. The first definite move was up out of the gulches to the slopes commanding a sweeping view of the undulating hills that rise into the lofty heights of the Highlands to the south, the huge, beetling and bearded Main Range of the Rocky Mountains to the east, and the abrupt cone of the Big Butte to westward, with a glimpse of the noble peak of Mount Flieser in the distance. It would be hard to find a more beautiful or varied panorama of mountain scenery than this, and the sparkling clearness of the rarefied air takes the vision through miles of atmosphere and reveals the minutest detail on the silvered steeps. Here numbers of pleasant homes have been built, and grass, flowers and young trees deck the yards. Conspicuous among these places are the CRAFTSMAN houses, which are well suited to the austere landscape. The warm shades of russet brown and soft green on the shingles of the houses, shown in the accompanying pictures, are a restful and harmonious contrast to the wide vistas of dull earth color. These homes are very new and the yards are not yet planted, but when the spring is farther advanced and a carpet of green is spread around them; when they are hung with the deep green garlands of Virginia creeper and woodbine, mellowing in the autumn into yellow, brown and red; when the tulips put forth their ringed cups of gold and scarlet geraniums flame in the flower beds, then they will be complete and not until then. On one block three CRAFTSMAN houses stand side by side, looking northward, so that the view of the mountains is from their back windows. Never could the idea of the CRAFTSMAN rear porch be more happily illustrated than here. In the long summer twilight when the sunset lingers in the west and the mountains draw about themselves such mysteries of purple and rose, it is a never-ceasing joy to sit and watch the peaks grow dim in the sanctuary of the night.

REDEEMING THE UGLIEST TOWN

The interiors of these houses carry out the CRAFTSMAN scheme and those who enjoy the broad hearths, the easy chairs and pleasant rooms forget that they are in Butte and remember only that they are in a home. This goes to show that wherever we are, in the most favored or unfavored regions, it still remains for us to create our environment and to make it what we will.

Thus far the betterment of Butte has been a matter of individual rather than organized effort; the private garden rather than the public square has reclaimed the wastes. One park, Columbia Gardens, is the public's sole recreation ground. It is situated at the base of the main range and extends up a canyon or cleft in the mountains. Groves of trees give shelter and shade, and beds of pansies, tulips and other garden flowers grow to perfection of size and color. These gardens are good so far as they go, but eighty thousand people who work need plenty of room to play. At an altitude of six thousand feet above sea level, the blood flows fast, men live at a high pressure of nervous tension, and for these reasons it is necessary that they rest and seek the peace that is of the open. One has only to watch the overladen cars going to and from the Gardens on a holiday or Sunday during summer, and to see the congestion of that pleasure ground itself, to realize how the toilers in the mines long for the healthy recreation of the great out-of-doors. There is space enough around Butte to give all enough room and air. The mountains seem to be forever calling men forth to receive the gift of repose and joy that lies within their sheltering fastnesses.

WHILE the CRAFTSMAN movement has wrought this material change, it has also been a factor in moral and educational advancement. It came as a blessing to the idle hands of children who, hitherto, had used their energy mischievously, knowing no better vent for their native endowment of animal spirits. These were the children of the streets whom we saw awhile ago the objects of the truant officer's vigilance, who commonly landed in jail, there to learn by association the final lesson of crime. As a rule these children were bright and there was a way to their better natures, if only that way could be found. So manual training was introduced in the schools with success that its fondest advocates had scarcely dared to hope for. To make a good student the first essential is to create in the child a desire to study. A direct appeal to his interest will do more to keep him in school than a regiment of truant officers. Manual training furnished this impetus of in-

REDEEMING THE UGLIEST TOWN

terest to children who did not care for books. In the high school there is a room fitted with benches and tools, where large classes are instructed in manual training after CRAFTSMAN models. The good which has been accomplished through this instruction cannot be too strongly emphasized, nor can it be fully reckoned until these young workers go out into the world. It has taught them the dignity of honest labor; the value of thrift; and it has equalized and balanced theory and fact, book and tool. It has showed them that the keynote of useful citizenship is individual striving toward a chosen end, and the reward of a task, in the doing it well. Work and pleasure should never be separated; in the doing of one we should achieve the other. Only in this way can we hope for the best results. The teachers who know the boys have been surprised to find that through some constructive process the worst truants and delinquents have been controlled by manual training; that the law of development extends from the hands to the head; that as the boy builds things of wood he builds the subtler structure of character. It is much the same with the young body politic as with the individual youth; there is always a way to healthy growth, and in Butte that way has been largely through the CRAFTSMAN movement.

BUTTE is just beginning its better existence; it is just coming to realize that it has a heart as well as a purse, an æsthetic as well as a commercial existence. Looking into the future the work of improvement seems an enormous undertaking, but we have only to look back six years at what has been done in the immediate past to be sanguine of the fruit of the days to come. We must earn the beautiful by the toil of our hands and the love of our hearts, but if we must labor for that which is freely given as earth's offering in fairer lands, we appreciate the hard-earned reward even more. Nature, once cast out and spurned, does not easily return, still, as time passes, over the dun sweep of the hills a faint, yellow-green may be seen, the footfall of the spring, elusive and fleeting, born of the shower and blighted by the wind. It is scarcely more than a promise that in the days to come if we keep striving there may be a greater heritage for us than the little patch of garden at our door. Even now, the seeker, who strikes out on the long road past the Big Butte where the distant peaks loom up silver-white to meet the brooding clouds, may find the ever-changing pageant of the wild flowers, threads of crystal streams fringed with tall, purple iris and willows, and, as the summer warms into maturity, the royal



THE LIVING ROOM IN MR. BARKER'S HOUSE
SHOWS A MOST ATTRACTIVE CRAFTSMAN
FIREPLACE WITH WINDOW INGENOOKS AND
LONG, BUILT-IN WINDOW SEAT: THE SENSE
OF EQUAL SPACE AND COZINESS IS CHARMING.



DINING ROOM IN MR. BARKER'S HOUSE.
SHOWING BUILT-IN CRAFTSMAN SIDE-
BOARD AND FURNITURE.

"BROADCAST"

robes of haze will deck the hills even as the snow shall be their ermine.

In the redemption of the ugliest town on earth the philosophy of the whole CRAFTSMAN idea, material and spiritual, is embodied. Having passed through different stages from the crude camp of log cabins to the cheaply built city of rented houses and showy mansions, it has awakened to the desire for something better, and, through that desire, is becoming simplified, which is its salvation. Simplicity is selection; it is the rejection of useless and encumbering fallacies in order that we may retain only the best. One by one these fallacies have fallen away like autumn leaves, bringing us nearer to first principles and leading us, through the sufficient doctrine of "better work, better art and a better and more reasonable way of living," out of the smoke into the sunshine, out of the gulches to the hills, out of earth's depths upward toward Heaven. . . .

Yesterday there came a bluebird perching on the window sill, twig in beak, calling loudly to his mate. Strange little feathered householder seeking a place for his nest! The omen was a happy one, for

Blessed is the city when the birds come back to build!

"BROADCAST"

I PLAYED my lute to the world, but the world danced not and went on its way unheeding.

Only here and there I saw a solitary dancer, unnoticed of the rest, in an obscure corner.

And I grieved at the world, for I loved my music.

But when I looked again and discovered who they were that danced to my lute, forsooth I sorrowed no longer;

For they were the children of the new day.

ERNEST CROSBY.

LOVE'S PATRIOT

I SAW a lad, a beautiful lad,
With a far-off look in his eye,
Who smiled not on the battle flag
When the cavalry troop marched by.

And, sorely vexed, I asked the lad
Where might his country be,
Who cared not for our country's flag
And the brave from over sea?

"Oh, my country is the Land of Love,"
Thus did the lad reply;
"My country is the Land of Love,
And a patriot there am I."

And who is your king, my patriot boy,
Whose loyalty you obey?
"My king is Freedom," quoth the lad,
"And he never says me nay."

Then you do as you like in your Land of Love,
Where every man is free?
"Nay, we do as we love," replied the lad,
And his smile fell full on me.

From "Swords and Plowshares."—Ernest Crosby.

A HOUSE OF FINE DETAIL THAT CONFORMS TO THE HILLSIDE ON WHICH IT IS BUILT: BY UNA NIXSON HOPKINS

THE house shows marked originality, toward which all western architecture is tending. It faces northward and is fashioned on a hill side, built "up and down and carved like an apple tart." There is a veritable congress of roof lines and they seem to respond as subtly to the angles of the house as do the pines behind to the winds that blow. Neither is the general outline of the house against the trees unlike that made by the trees against the sky. Not so much as a mole hill on the lot was smoothed down; the house simply accommodated itself to the lot without protest. At the rear, two steps are all that is necessary to bring the house to the ground while the front has the picturesque elevation of a Swiss chalet, with Japanese detail showing in the finish.

Japanese influence is becoming very marked in the domestic architecture of the Pacific Coast, which exhibits a cosmopolitanism not to be found in any other part of the country. This is fortunate, since the simplicity of detail makes it so adaptable to houses of moderate cost—or to more expensive ones for that matter, but elaborate detail has ever been the *bête noire* of the smaller dwellings. The Japanese characteristics in the case of this house are, perhaps, more evident in the interior, which is entirely of wood; but it carries with it everywhere a hundred and one little suggestions that would add charm to any home, whether situated on the Pacific or on the Atlantic Coast.

The foundation of the house is seen as a high wall on the east—or along the road—and practically constitutes the basement story on the northeast, seeking a lower level on the north to keep in unison with the irregularities of the

ground, rising again, and merging into a garden wall that extends some distance, though it is interrupted once by steps at the corner of the house, leading to the rear and thence to the kitchen. The wall along the garden is a series of stone posts, connected by two heavy timbers running horizontally. This combination of wall and foundation is of cobblestone, very large ones being used at the base and on the corners, put together with a sand cement that in some places shows in large patches, practically covering some of the small stones and giving them a mossy, lichen-like appearance.

The upper part of the house and the roof are of split shakes, which have a rough, rustic effect, and are perfectly practicable, while the ventilators in the peaks of the roof are of inch and a half boards, running up and down and across, so that they give a basket-like detail. The wall spaces are broken effectively by well-placed casement windows, opening out, and on windows where it is desirable to exclude the sun in summer are heavy blinds, cleverly designed.

The huge chimney at the back is a striking example of the originality of design everywhere evident; it is of sand cement, virtually thrown on, with a few small cobblestones here and there that look as if they might accidentally have been dropped into the mortar, and the top is capped by a row of brick, put on endwise. The walks are of dark red brick, the same as are used in constructing the entrance steps that appear to have forced their way through the eastern wall. The wall here takes on the same gradation as the steps, affording a resting place for some interesting Mexican jars, made in the vicinity a

A HOUSE OF FINE DETAIL

few years ago, and some miniature trees of Monterey cypress. The steps lead to a little corner porch, also paved with brick, from which you enter the door into the reception hall. Brick, too, finishes the top of the wall and it is further used, laid flat, for the sills of the basement windows, as it wears better than wood so near the ground, and does not show the dust. The eaves are very wide, projecting far enough to hide deep shadows, and are supported on the corners by heavy timbers.

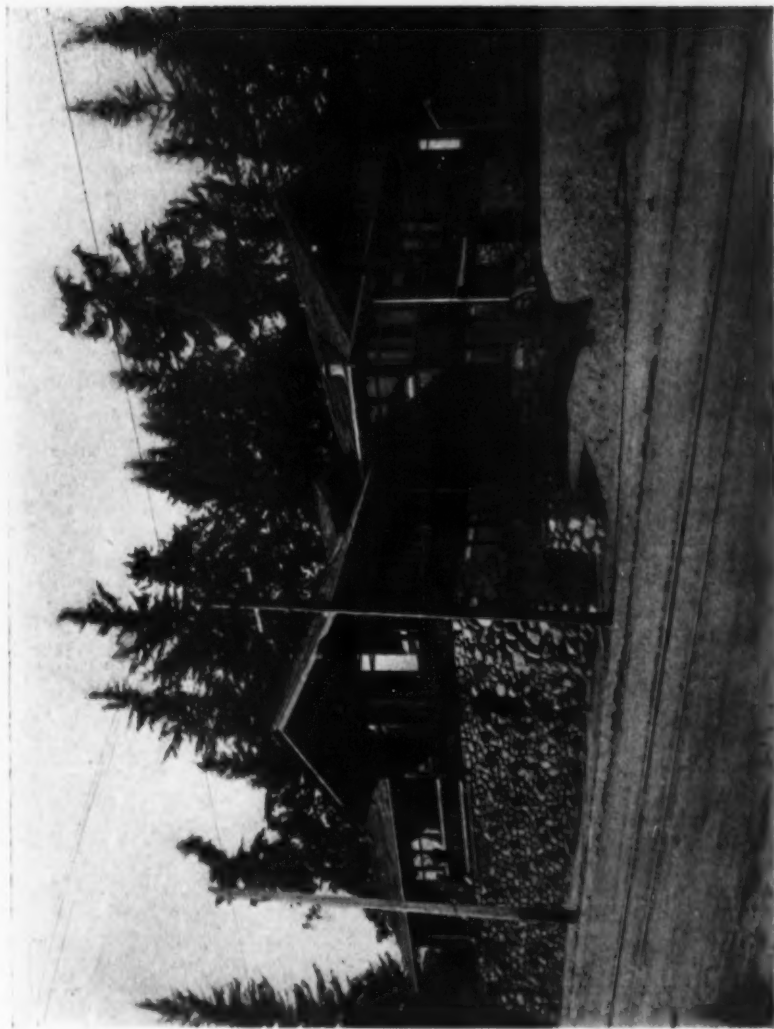
Plain redwood boards, arranged perpendicularly about two inches apart and finished at the top and bottom with a heavy horizontal line of wood, constitute the porch railing and that of the third story balcony—a very good, simple bit of detail.

Entering the basement, you go through the north door standing flush with the ground, and may go into the laundry or mount the staircase leading to the first story proper; its terminus is the sun parlor in the center of the house, which is a point from which you may radiate in any direction. It may be that you will continue into a long hall, out of which opens four bedrooms and a bath; or discover a door from this same hall, opening on a stairway that takes you to an immense room above with four French windows along the front, through which you enter the wide balcony. This is a boy's room and the most delightful one in the house. There is a pantry and kitchen in this same wing. The hall leads also into the reception hall which runs through from east to west. The living room to the left of the reception hall is large, low, beamed and paneled with wood, and the dining room to the right is also finished in wood, and is of Japanese execution. The living room is fortunate in having three exposures—east, south and west. With so many windows it gives a pleasant out-of-door

feeling to the room, and relieves any sense of oppressiveness that might come from the use of so much wood. Looking from the windows of this lofty station to the east, a landscape of delight meets the eye, and to the south and west are the majestic pine trees, throwing a "tangle of light and shade below, on roof and doors and window sills."

The paneling of the living room is unique, as shown in the illustration. Above the very narrow strips of wood that cover the edges of the wide boards where they come together is a strap of wood, fastened with small wooden pegs. The beams over the fireplace, too, give an effect of strong individuality. The wood of the room is stained a tone not unlike that of new fresh-sawed mahogany, and the chimneypiece is of dark brick, with a very wide opening for the fire. A projection of bricks on either side above forms a shelf for flower jugs, and the hearth is of large square brick of the same color. On either side are tiny windows, not more than four inches wide, swinging in to admit a breath of fresh air, and on the outside are screens that serve to bar intruding gnats or flies. These little windows are quite an innovation and fill a long-felt need, that of admitting a little fresh air near the fire, without a draught.

The built-in bookcases do not extend quite to the door, thereby saving the books from dirt, especially on sweeping day; this, too, is quite a new idea and might be copied to advantage in almost any house. The electric lights here hang pendant from the ceiling, the center fixture being a Japanese lantern. The curtain poles are of wood and the hangings are a light buff East Indian cotton, showing a pattern in dull, old pink. The coloring of the Oriental rugs is primarily old rose, and this color is



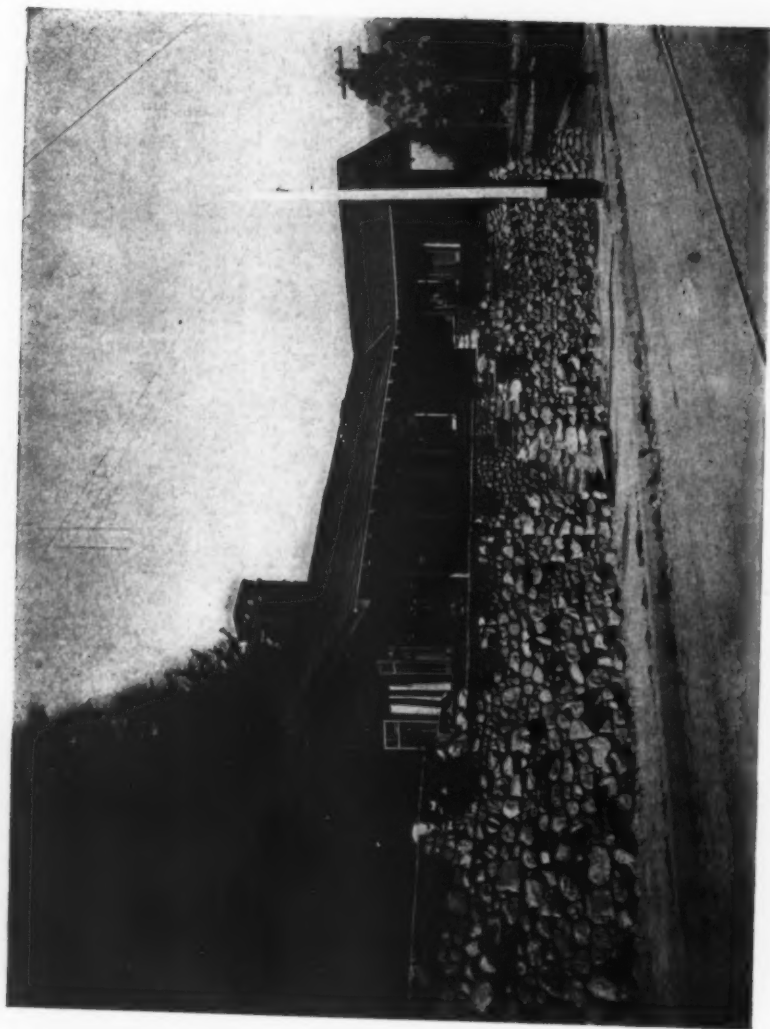
"THE HOUSE SHOWS MARKED ORIGINALITY, TOWARD WHICH ALL WESTERN ARCHITECTURE IS TENDING."



"THE LIVING ROOM IS LARGE, LOW-BEAMED AND PANELED WITH WOOD, AND IS OF JAPANESE EXECUTION."



"THE DINING-ROOM IS ENTIRELY FINISHED
IN PINE, STAINED GRAY: THE MANTEL IS
OF DULL PINK ROUGH TILING: IN THE RUG,
GRAY, PINK AND DULL BLUE PREDOMINATE."



"THE STONE FOUNDATION OF THE HOUSE IS SEEN
AS A HIGH WALL TO THE EAST: MERGING
INTO A GARDEN WALL AT THE NORTH."

BEAUTY FOR THE CITY HOUSE

pre-eminent in pillows in the seat flanking the fire and in one or two chair cushions. The library table was made for the room and most of the chairs are East Indian, fitting admirably into the general scheme.

The woodwork of the dining room is pine stained gray and is quite differently designed from the living room. Where the wide boards of the paneling meet in the upper half of the room a small design has been cut out, showing lighter wood behind with a wooden strap at the top and bottom. Above this is a shelf that extends along the four sides of the room, on which are a few pieces of blue china, and there is blue ware on the sideboard. The sideboard, stained like the room, was designed by the architect, as were a pretty seat and a linen cabinet on the opposite side of the room. The mantel is of dull pink rough tiling that looks almost like glazed brick, and the hangings at the windows are of a loosely woven gray linen. A rug of the same color with a little old pink and a trifle of blue in the pattern completes this simple but delightful room.

No charge of monotony could be laid to the doors of this house, for there are

three or four different kinds. The front door is of eight-inch panes of glass—to make the hall as light as possible—those of the west side of living room and hall are of French extraction, and the one opening into the dining room is of wood panels, while those in the bedrooms are of wood and glass. The latter are designed very much after the manner of the dining room wall, only the cut-out design is wider and more elaborate, and where wood shows in the wall, yellow opaque glass has been inserted in the doors, giving a glint of sunshine to the bedrooms that does not come from the sun. In the doors of the pantry and kitchen, which are fashioned likewise, green opaque glass has been used, suggesting cleanliness and freshness.

There has been but little attempt at ornamentation anywhere. Some potted plants and a few plain vases for flowers are about all. The charm of the house is that everything is in keeping. No dark corners allure dust, any more than unnecessary trifles make blemishes in this restful interior. It is homelike without being "cluttered," and simple without being bare.

POSSIBILITIES OF BEAUTY IN THE CITY HOUSE

WRITING with delightful whimsicality of the impressions made on him abroad by the buildings, Washington Irving said that the characteristics of a people are apparent in their houses. Arguing from such premises, one wonders what the logical conclusion might be to one who, for the first time, beholds examples of our city domestic architecture. While he would probably not exclaim before them as did the fox before the mask in *Æsop's fable* "It is a pity you have not got any brains," he

would more likely declare, "What a pity you do not use your brains."

The fact that a city house must occupy an exact area of ground of very small proportions, usually no more than twenty-five feet front, is discouraging at the outset, and demands a greater amount of thought, twice over than the country house, that may ramble at will, and need in no wise conform to its neighbors' opinions or rights.

Great improvement has been made in the city apartment house during the past few years, but this has little to do

BEAUTY FOR THE CITY HOUSE

with individual city homes. In their building we have had but little experience and we still turn to the parent country for aid and suggestions in the way of beautiful architecture. The Chelsea home of our own great Whistler is an apt illustration of the possibilities of a city house. As everyone knows, Chelsea is only a district of London, and a home there must conform with city requirements, yet the Whistler house, though doing this, is not only most pleasing to look upon, but unlike anything along the Cheyne Walk, where so many great and distinguished people have lived. The first story of the house is of that natural soft-toned pinkish brick, such as one sees everywhere in England; the story above is of a very rough gray plaster unmolested by paint or stain, and the third is of the brick again, which runs up to the roof line. A part only of the first story sets out flush with the street, and that of the studio over it, the remainder of the house retreating, forming a miniature roof garden on the very front; this is best described by the photograph. The windows are all casements and the sashes are painted white. They are curtained with simple little dotted Swiss curtains tied back at just the right angle. The door, with the exception of the windows in the top of it, is of copper—a strong, conventional design having been hammered out before the copper was fastened to the original door. Altogether it is easy to see what a color effect has been achieved. The place is known as the House of the Copper Door, and when you are searching after the Whistler House, along that misleading Cheyne Walk—misleading because it goes in so many directions—you are charged by the passerby to keep on until you reach the house with the copper door.

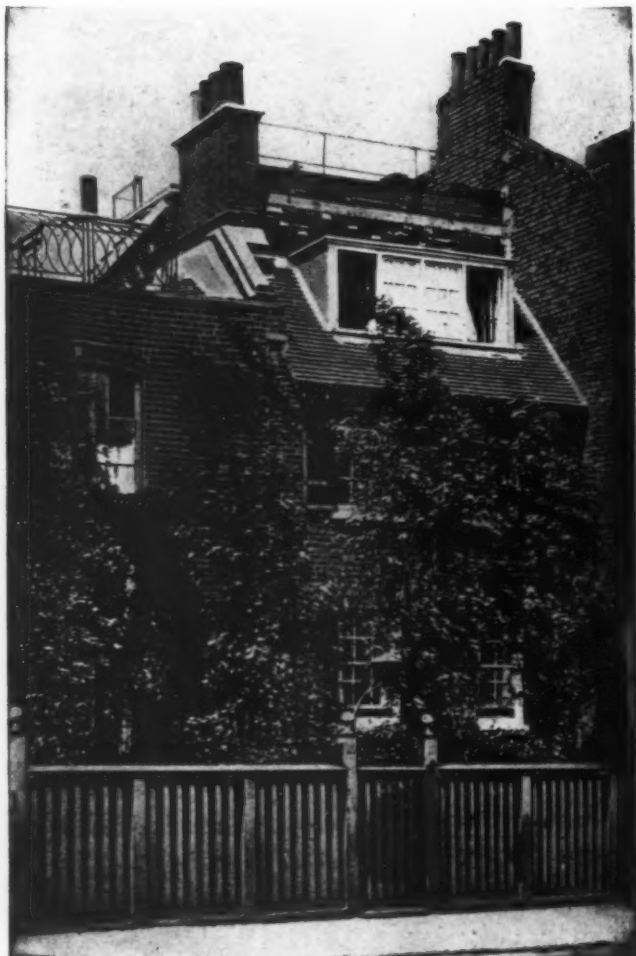
Farther on up the street, overlooking the Thames, as does the Whistler home,

is a house that was occupied by another great painter during many years of his life—that of J. M. W. Turner. It, too, offers suggestions for the city house. It sets back from the street several feet, unmindful of city military orders, which insists on all houses showing an even face to the front walk, and this permits of a very small garden in front and affords enough space for a few trees to gain foothold and flourish. This way of locating houses back from the street is an alternative, if one is willing to sacrifice a little of the depth of the house. And if several houses would join hands, as it were, and retire from the very edge of the pavement a great deal in effect would be gained. While the Turner home has nothing remarkable about it, the fact that it is not situated in the usual manner and that there is a certain homely beauty about it makes it seem worth mentioning. The house where George Eliot lived and died and that of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, next door to it, both of which are on Cheyne Walk, stand modestly back from the street as does the Turner house, and the trees in front of them have grown so large as to relieve all the bold harshness of the ordinary city house.

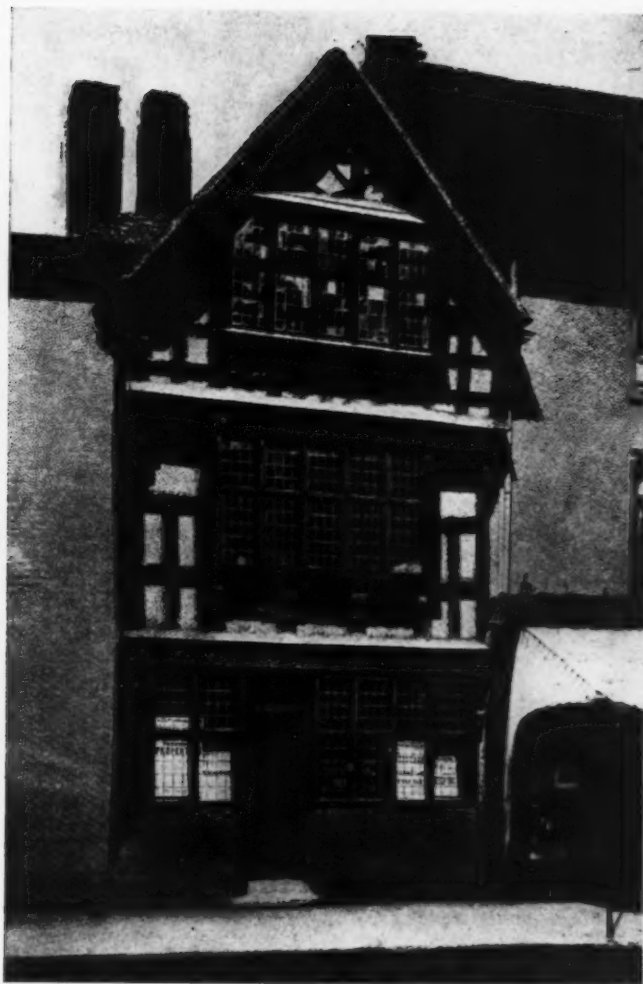
Among the items to be carefully enumerated for beautifying city homes, window boxes should not be overlooked. When they are carefully tended they are a constant source of delight in relieving the city house façade. These, with the roof garden, may be productive of a surprisingly large number of flowers. The city house cannot cheat one of all the delights of the country unless one is of mind to let it. There is a hotel in the heart of Paris that has such well-cared-for window boxes that it looks through the spring, summer and early fall like a wonderful garden set on end. Spring flowers give place to carefully transplanted and hardier



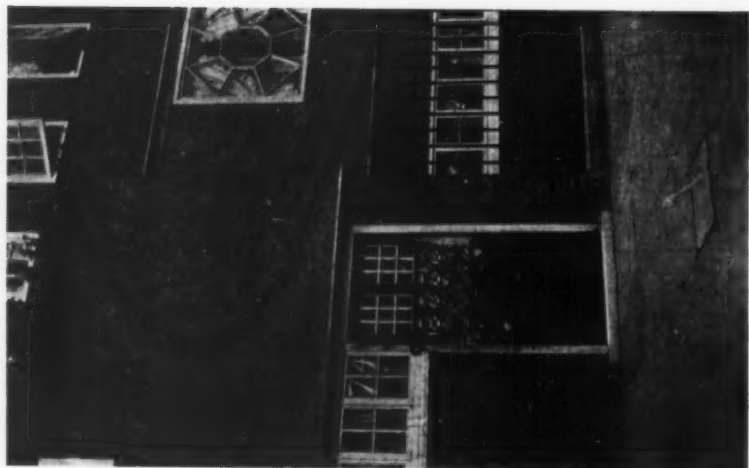
"THE HOUSE WITH THE TWO GABLES IS GOODLY TO
LOOK UPON:" THE PLACEMENT OF WINDOWS IS A
FINE ARCHITECTURAL STUDY FOR A CITY HOUSE.



THE HOUSE OF C. Y. TURNER, SITUATED IN THE
HEART OF CHELSEA, HAS A CERTAIN HOMELY
BEAUTY FROM ITS TREES AND VINES AND
ITS MODEST PLACING BACK FROM THE STREET.



THE CASEMENTS OF THE HARVARD HOUSE—
THROUGH WHICH THE MOTHER OF THE FOUNDER
OF HARVARD COLLEGE OFTTIMES LOOKED—SUGGEST
A DETAIL OF GREAT BEAUTY FOR A CITY HOUSE.



NOTE THE REMARKABLE EFFECT GAINED BY
AN INTERESTING PLACING OF WINDOWS IN
WHISTLER'S HOUSE IN OLD CHELSEA.
DETAIL OF ENTRANCE TO WHISTLER'S HOUSE.

BEAUTY FOR THE CITY HOUSE

ones of summer, and they in turn to robust chrysanthemums of early fall.

The courtyard is another means resorted to in foreign cities of relieving the ordinary commonplace arrangement of the city house. They are to be found in the most unexpected places. The writer rang the door bell of an old house in Chelsea one morning to inquire a direction and was surprised, when the door opened, to look from a short, tile-paved hall into a brick-paved courtyard at the end of it—the location given to a room generally—where vines were climbing over the walls that encompassed it, and palms set in tubs shaded easy chairs and cushions. Frequently one enters the courtyard through gates on the front, and rooms radiate in three directions—in front of you and to the left and right. Sometimes this inner court is actually part of the house, having a floor and covered at the top entirely with glass, the rooms opening into it, as they might into a large conservatory. Again the courtyard is paved with brick and open to sky—in either instance it makes an excuse for reversing the usual order of things and puts a little more of the outdoors inside. Then the small plot of ground that in most instances is only an ugly back-yard in this country, becomes a delightful enclosed court or *petit jardin*. This frequently is accomplished by enclosing it with glass and by the liberal distribution of potted plants, or by the planting of carefully tended vines.

But if asked the most vital characteristic of a city home after the arrangement of rooms and general contour have been settled upon, the writer would say the windows. And if asked the second most important, would answer—windows, and further questioned as to the third vital characteristic of a city house, would repeat—windows. On the windows the city house must depend very

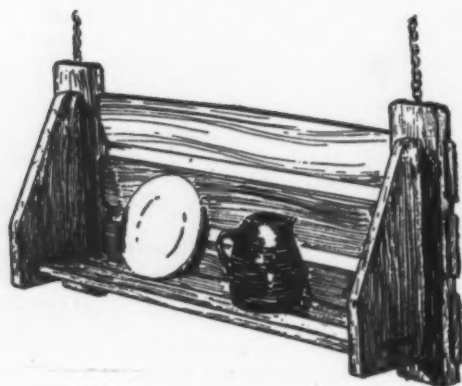
largely for effect. A scrutiny of the Whistler house will show that the size, proportion, and arrangement of the windows are its salient point. Not only is there the standpoint of beauty from which to judge them but that of sun and air, so important in every home, and particularly matters of great concern in city houses where only one exposure is to be had, as is usually the case. By setting the windows out, or by projecting one whole story of windows beyond another, far enough, let us say, to admit of a window in each end of the bay, a better circulation of air may be gained, and if the house should face south, for instance, there would be gained a glimpse of the rising and setting sun, assuring sunshine practically all day. Our city houses are built for the most part with windows large enough in themselves, but they do not take in the whole face of the house.

In selecting illustrations, an attempt has been made to show a diversity of facades and windows as well as gables. The house with two gables is goodly to look upon, and the dispersion of windows is excellent. But note the number! And those of the second floor, which show as if they were on the first in the picture, can be opened in two sections. The casements of the Harvard house are the ones through which the mother of the founder of our Harvard College looked in her lifetime—beautifully fine leaded ones they are and can be seen to-day in picturesque old Stratford-on-Avon, which was her home. This for a verity, while tradition has it that the last illustration had to do with the house of Oliver Twist and his outlook on London when he first arrived there.

However, with thought, not a little but a great deal, we can at least construct our city houses so as not to merit an expression such as the fox gave before the mask in the fable.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK: PRACTICAL EXAMPLES IN STRUCTURAL WOODWORKING: TWENTY-SEVENTH OF THE SERIES

CRAFTSMAN MUG RACK



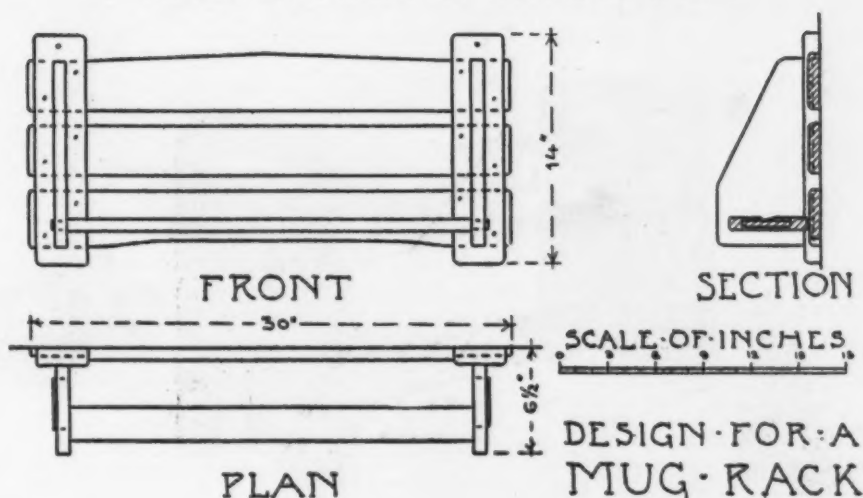
A LETTER recently received by THE CRAFTSMAN from a subscriber who finds in woodworking his recreation from business cares, contains the following request:

"Can you give me a suggestion as to how I can get the 'gray maple' effect on oak, as I am going to begin making a set of bedroom furniture and would like to finish it in 'gray maple,' if that effect can be obtained in oak. Your representatives in this city had

some 'gray maple' furniture on exhibition here which was exquisite and which they said was 'CRAFTSMAN.' If that effect can be had in oak, I will be glad to get it; if not, then I would like to get the Circassian walnut effect."

As this question touches upon a point of general interest to woodworkers, and one upon which THE CRAFTSMAN lays special stress, and also as it is one of a number of questions of the same tenor that have come to us lately, we have decided to answer it in our Cabinet Work Department of the magazine. Aside from the impracticability of finishing any dark, strong-fibered wood so that it will bear a resemblance that is in any way satisfactory as compared to the effects to be obtained on a wood of lighter color and finer grain, THE CRAFTSMAN deprecates any attempt to finish one wood so that it is merely an imitation of another. Although woods differ widely as to beauty and interest, each has its own individual character of grain and texture, and its own peculiar color quality. If these are preserved and brought out so that the characteristics of the wood used are given their true value, the maker of a piece of furniture has at least, by the finish, gained an effect that is honest and belongs to that wood, and is left perfectly free in the matter of bringing out a color that will best serve his decorative scheme.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR MUG RACK.

Pieces	No.	ROUGH			FINISHED		
		Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick	
Back stretchers..	2	30 in.	4 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$3\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	
Back stretcher...	1	30 in.	3 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$2\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	
Back stiles.....	2	14 in.	4 in.	$1\frac{1}{4}$ in.	$3\frac{1}{4}$ in.	1 in.	
Side	2	$11\frac{1}{2}$ in.	6 in.	1 in.	Pattern	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	
Shelves	1	$27\frac{1}{4}$ in.	6 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	5 in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	

Even if it were practicable to finish oak so that it would convey the impression that it is either maple finished in silvery gray tones or Circassian walnut, to do so would be to court dissatisfaction. It is impossible because the strong undertone of brown that is the result of the natural development of the oak would kill any delicate gray stain that could be used upon it. The only way to obtain a light silvery gray effect on oak would be to bleach it with acids and so destroy all the natural color of the wood. Our own plan of finishing wood is never to conceal the color quality inherent in the wood, but to apply a very thin delicate surface tone that blends with the natural color of the wood and emphasizes one or the other of the elements that may exist in it. We have found in our own experience that really good results can never be obtained by disguising one wood to make it resemble another, because the whole principle is so wrong that the maker has not the best results in mind. Unconsciously, he is trying to produce

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

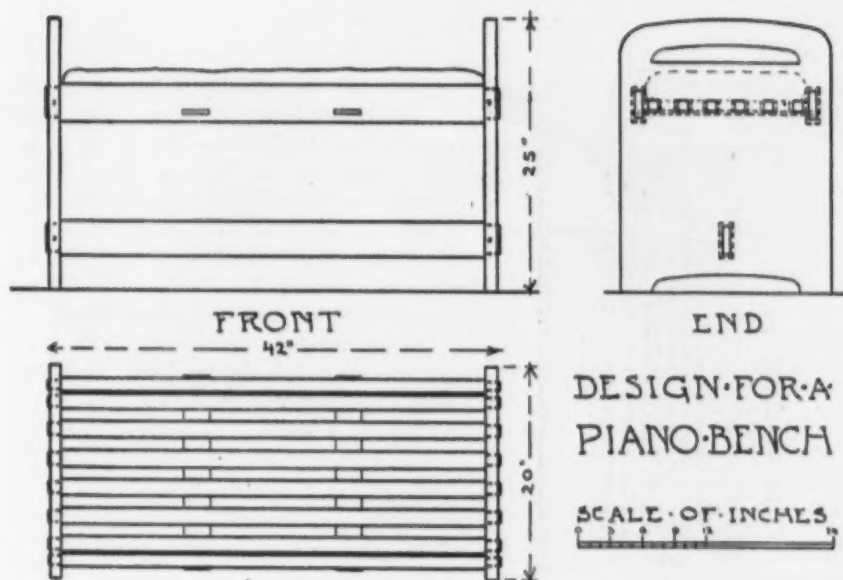
DESIGN FOR PIANO BENCH



a sham, and a sham never satisfies any man who really finds rest and delight in doing creative work.

It takes only a little study and observation to realize and appreciate the beauty and individuality of many of our native woods, and when that realization is once gained, it brings with it never ending interest and delight in experimenting with finishes to gain effects that shall develop to the utmost the latent possibilities of color in each wood. For instance, few people realize that in many woods lurk all the subtle tones of green, brown, copper, russet, yellow and even red that find their expression in the yearly pageant of the autumn leaves. It is as if the soul of color lay dormant in the wood of the parent tree, and under certain conditions could be brought to shadowy life. Most beautiful effects can be gained by using a very delicate surface tone that blends perfectly with the undertone given by the dominating color quality of the wood, and both develops and harmonizes all the varying tints that play through it. A slight variation of the applied surface tone will produce a different play of color over the wood, but if the applied color be carefully chosen to harmonize with the natural wood color, the change will be merely an emphasis of one or the other of the tones inherent in the wood and not an actual change of color. Take oak as an example. The natural color of this wood when aged is brown, with a latent yellow that it is usually best to keep in the background. The ideal color for a piece of oak, mellowed and ripened by age and exposure, is a soft gray-brown that in certain lights has a slightly greenish cast, made

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR PIANO BENCH.

Pieces	No.	ROUGH			FINISHED		
		Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick	
Sides	2	25 in.	21 in.	1 1/4 in.	20 in.	1 1/8 in.	
Top stretchers...	2	42 1/2 in.	3 in.	1 1/2 in.	2 1/4 in.	1 1/4 in.	
Lower stretcher..	1	42 1/2 in.	3 in.	1 1/2 in.	2 1/4 in.	1 1/4 in.	
Slats	6	42 1/2 in.	1 1/2 in.	1 1/4 in.	1 1/4 in.	1 in.	
Braces	2	17 1/2 in.	3 in.	3/4 in.	2 3/4 in.	3/8 in.	
Sheepskin cushion	1	39 1/2 in.	15 in.				

delicate luminous by the yellow tint that is held in strict subordination to the other tones. If the wood be finished so that this yellow becomes the predominating color, all the dull grays and greens and browns are lost, and it becomes the commonplace "golden oak." If, on the contrary, the method employed in finishing be such as to develop to its utmost the true color quality of the oak, it may be any one of many variations of the oaken brown, light or dark, luminous or somber,—sometimes with the gray and green tones very evident; sometimes with rich nut-brown in which the related tones sink into the merest suggestion, but always it

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

SMALL CRAFTSMAN TABLE



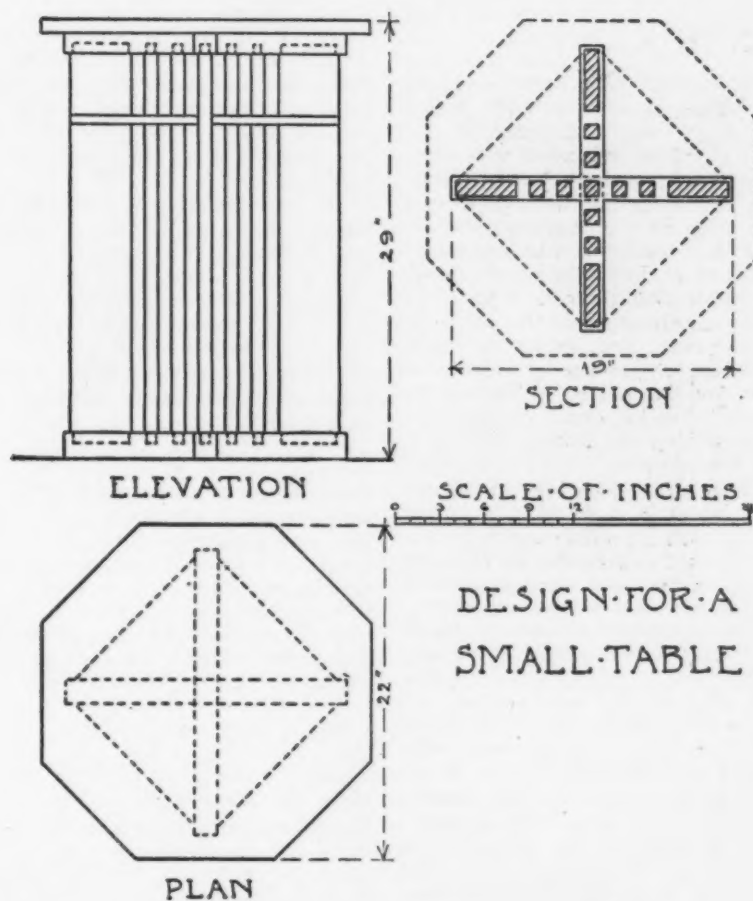
is the true color quality of the wood and is most unmistakably oak. The gray may be emphasized so that it is a decided gray-brown, but the light gray-brown that so admirably suits the fine, white maple, would not only be impossible to obtain, but even if it could be obtained, would be utterly out of harmony with the character of the wood.

White maple is given the soft, pale gray shades and silvery lights that one sees in a hornet's nest, by treating it with a weak solution of vinegar and iron rust. This is made by steeping iron filings or cut nails in vinegar, and then reducing it with water until the bits of wood upon which the color is tried show exactly the right tone. This will not appear until the wood has been allowed

to dry and then has been given a thin coat of shellac, when the gray tones will take their true value. As can be easily understood, this process throws merely the thinnest surface tone that shows to advantage only upon a very fine white wood. If used on oak, the undertone of brown would so overpower it that the gray would be hardly perceptible.

The "Circassian walnut effect" would be equally difficult to produce upon oak, as it is no more suited to that wood than is the delicate silvery gray of "gray maple." If qu't'd gumwood be treated by the same method that we have just described for the maple, it will bear a close natural resemblance to Circassian walnut, as it is a fine-grained, satiny wood with dark streaks and interesting markings that are emphasized by the action of the iron rust solution. This is permissible because it is the natural treatment of gumwood when the best effects are wanted, and the resemblance to Circassian walnut is an accident that is characteristic of the wood, not an intentional imitation. We would advise our correspondent, who seems to take such real delight in making beautiful things, to give up the idea of using oak for his furniture, unless he intends frankly to make oak furniture and nothing else. If he will use maple, the silvery gray tone can be easily obtained. The designs given this month were made in response to requests from subscribers.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR SMALL TABLE.

Pieces	No.	ROUGH			FINISHED	
		Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Top	1	22 in.	24 in.	1 in.	22 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Top braces.....	2	19 in.	$1\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$1\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Bottom braces...	2	19 in.	$1\frac{3}{4}$ in.	2 in.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$1\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Shelves	4	$12\frac{1}{2}$ in.	8 in.	$\frac{5}{8}$ in.	$6\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Legs	4	27 in.	5 in.	1 in.	4 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Spindles	9	27 in.	1 in.	1 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

ALS IK KAN

THE following letter came to THE CRAFTSMAN office a few days ago. Because, in the simplest and most unostentatious way, it touches upon so significant a fact in the development of civilization in this country, and because the question it asks must arise again and again in the minds of the thoughtful and sincere, I have decided to answer it in the pages of the magazine, and, in answering it, to express my own point of view as to the relation of art to life and incidentally make clear my position in the making and selling of CRAFTSMAN furnishings.

The letter is given here in full, for there is no part of it that is not written with a genuine desire for understanding, and in the kindest as well as in the most intelligent spirit. And the question which has puzzled this correspondent is not the simple detail she has imagined it, but a part of one of the biggest problems of this thoughtless, easily-influenced, over-commercialized age. The letter is written from a prosperous Southern city, as follows:

"Dear Sir.—I am much interested in your work, which (if I understand correctly) is the teaching of a more restful, quiet life and the getting away from overcivilization and its burdens.

"I have thought much about it, and it is from the belief that it is no mere money making plan of yours but that you are carrying on the work begun by William Morris, and that you would like to leave your influence in every American home, that I write you. So I have asked myself this question, 'Is this man's message only to the well-to-do; must the wage-earner be left out of this

when he is the one who needs it most?' And I wanted to ask you if there was not some way in which you could benefit them? As it is, the prices of your beautiful furniture are prohibitive, though well worth the first cost.

"I am employed in a real estate office, and we build houses for people, according to their plans, which they pay for a little at a time. The prospective mistress invariably holds out for a cabinet mantel; the man wants a few frills in woodwork on the outside, to be as good as his neighbors. The class I allude to are railroad engineers and other employees, who get good wages but spend it all. It is my duty to visit these homes to make collections and they are most depressing in the useless waste of money; that the owners are not satisfied is apparent from their continual buying of showy furniture, until there is hardly a pathway through the rooms. That they are easily taught is also true. An instance: One of these women was buying lace curtains at a counter where I happened to be; I asked the clerk to show her some madras curtains; she immediately bought them in preference to the scrolly lace affairs; she had never seen them before, as the clerks show what they think the women of that class ought to buy. The next visit to this woman's house, I found one of your tables; the next, an absence of hitherto much prized bric-a-brac, which she said she was tired of. She is what one would call a woman without refinement, but the curtains began the reform. These people do not read your beautiful magazine, and would probably not appreciate it, for they are much lower in intelligence than the same class in the North. But this same woman who

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

took up her bright Brussels carpet and painted her floor a sickly yellow, is, in a blind way, on the right road.

"If there were only some way to reach the great lower middle class, it seems to me, it would be a great work, one worth far more to humanity than all Carnegie's millions, for few indeed are the great spirits that can rise above environment, but given the silent but powerful influence of right surroundings, where there is no pretense and all is honest, a big step is taken along the right road.

"Yours very truly,

"Mrs. F— C—."

It is considered fair to begin an answer with a question, and so, first of all: Just why does a manufacturer make goods, good or bad? An artist may paint a picture solely because he loves to paint, without regard to sales—in fact, it is one proof of an artist's sincerity that he should so feel; but the dealer, the maker of quantities of useful commodities, however fine his designs, however sincere his love of the good, the true and the beautiful, manufactures to sell. Otherwise he would not produce in quantities.

Granting this, any manufacturer doing things on a large scale and who has a large payroll to meet regularly, besides the making of a livelihood for his family, inevitably works along the line of least resistance; that is, he advertises and sells his goods to those who are most apt to want them. A man does not so much *create* a market for his goods, as he meets and extends the market existing.

Now let us stop a minute and consider the exact class of people who would naturally grow to care for the simpler and more structurally beautiful forms of house furnishing

and decoration. Are they not bound to be those who have gone through and beyond the "varnished wood" and "red plush" periods, until they have come to realize a little of how we have encumbered ourselves with useless, unlovely things that have no health in them; those who have found the incessant purchase of meaningless novelty a mere vexation of spirit, and who have finally realized that surroundings which are not an expression of the needs of the owners are unsatisfactory, unrestful, and, in the end, positively injurious.

It is quite true that our homes are as important to our growth as are our friends; that they may irritate and antagonize us, giving unrest for endless purchase, or may by their honesty, true beauty and close harmony with the way we think prove actually an aid in building up the spiritual side of life for us, and in leading us away from the heartbreak of futile unworthy possessions.

But to return to the manufacturer—how many people are there as yet who have grown up to this attitude toward house furnishings, who select their chairs, as their friends, for their beauty of expression, their power to wear well, their permanent charm, their honesty. There are some such, and they are in sympathy with the CRAFTSMAN movement, they form the market in which the CRAFTSMAN furnishings naturally find purchasers. They desire in their houses the things which belong to their way of thinking, which are an expression of what life has grown to mean without machine-made silly ornament, without a clutter of meaningless bric-a-brac, without any thought of fashion or style or novelty. They wish simple surroundings because they have traveled through

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

complexity to elimination; they desire that the *useful* things shall be *beautiful*, and that there shall be *no* useless things. To these people, CRAFTSMAN furniture is no whim. It is an essential part of the thing life has grown to mean to them.

So much in answer to the question, "Is the message only to the well-to-do?" In fact, it is not a message to either rich or poor, but to the *thinker*, to those who *desire* to hear it, as though a lecturer were to say, "I do not lecture to rich or poor, but to those who are not deaf."

People who are ready for the beauty that grows out of honesty and simplicity will reach out for it; those who are not, will not be grateful to have it thrust upon them. It is hard to make people regard unwelcome information as a benefit. I remember when I was a young boy, out on a farm, my joyous anticipation of my first suit of "store clothes," ungainly, stiff, ill-fitting—what matter, they had that one priceless quality, "store-made," and I had learned to accept that as a standard of excellence, *without thinking*.

And there is the rub. The great mass of us to-day accept our standards *without thinking*. We used to think, but we do not now. We have let our commercial prosperity establish for us a set of machine-made standards for decorations, clothes, furnishings. The manufacturers decide, without the slightest relation to any individual need or taste, what will be the next novelty, the advertiser tells us how fine it is, and the dealer sells it to us. And we buy, because we have let ourselves be hypnotized by custom, by the habit and excitement of novelty.

We do not think. Modern commercial life is like "The House that

Jack Built"—this is the manufacturer who supplies the advertiser, who instructs the public to buy of the dealer the novelty of the season. There is no more thought than this season after season and year after year in the bulk of purchases made in this country. We have, by our machine-made processes, robbed our people of the power to think.

Not but what machinery is necessary enough and a great asset in our vast, cumbersome, powerful civilization. The big output of the machine-run factory is an essential to meet the need and difficulties incidental to our over-rapid growth and extension; but the need of machinery to meet sociological and political conditions does not rob it of its power to work injury, to take from man that growth which comes from the making of useful things with his own hands, that physical development and mental training which comes from creating beauty in meeting the demands of utility, that thrill of achievement through manual dexterity, that finer education which is the discovery by one's own efforts that art is the doing beautifully of homely things. The value of art is the education of the worker. Not in the thing made, but in the making. And, to-day, art has so grown away from its original purpose as to have become a cant phrase, a catch-penny advertising medium.

Our machines have taken away art from the workers. And the man who does not *develop* his work ceases to think. Machines think for him. Until at last they think for him not only in his daily work, but in his clothes, his house, his furniture. He has ceased to create, he obeys instead of thinking, and his home is full of unrelated furniture that is inartistic, uncomfortable, extravagant;

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

of ornaments that are without beauty or place; of a crowd of flimsy, tawdry *things* that he has bought *without thinking*, hypnotized by the words of someone who did not think.

Now the question of supplanting these standards by the conditions which belong to a higher stage of development, in other words, of proving to any number of people that their lives and surroundings and aspirations are artificial, is neither simple nor practicable, if, indeed, even possible. The existence of an artificial, imitative state of affairs in household fittings is brought about, as already explained, by certain economic conditions—whether desirable or not is not the question—conditions which must work out their own salvation, and which will, while they exist, bring about certain results that cannot be effaced without first getting at and changing causes.

There is, apparently, but one actual and very slow way of modifying the standards, however false, that are the outcome of certain phases of national growth, and *that* is from the thinkers back and down to the thoughtless, by the influence of those who have struggled through the complex out to the simple, those who have grown to understand the value of real beauty, serenity and joy of living. For even those who do not think are often alert and curious as to the movements of the thinkers. The question *why?* has more than once led to thought, and from thought to desire for reform. But the *why* must spring out of natural curiosity toward the unknown. It seldom follows a lecture or pamphlet or an effort to work reformation. Your own method of curtain reform mentioned in your letter is an example of what I mean.

And so back to our letter and the sale of CRAFTSMAN furnishings. The latter is not placed upon the market with a desire to limit it to the exclusive few; but to be sold to all those who wish it, who find it congenial to their mode of living. And the "average wage-earner" does not buy it because he does not wish it, or, even as yet, find it interesting. It doesn't conform to his machine-made standards. The manufacturer would be glad to offer a new standard, to establish a new theory of home comfort, but standards are born, not made, and their growth is, up or down, from generation to generation.

A novelty is born of the hour, but not so an ideal. And so if a manufacturer happens also to be an idealist, and yet a man made practical by a fair battle with circumstances, he must needs accept the market the gods give. If his goods appeal to the intelligent and thinking, there his sales will be. As there are more thinkers in the world, and more followers of the leaders of thought, the greater his sales will become. A little leaven often leavens the whole lump, and the leaven in this case is the man or woman who finds individuality through thought, and who demands surroundings in harmony with advancement.

And, after all, the burdens of existence are not from "overcivilization," but from the commercialization of life, the getting away from self-development through thought, to the self-effacement through unthinking labor. Civilization, rightly understood, should lead to the most complete opportunity according to the highest standard of real beauty and serenity. The highest ideal of civilization should not separate work from thought, and deafen labor with

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

the roar of machines, but so open up life that every man would grow through his work, and desire that the surroundings of his life should be an expression of what he had gained in his own development.

But such growth, except in the one channel named, must be a national impulse. The manufacturer may only work up to his ideal and be ready to meet each step that is made toward a more reasonable way of living.

NOTES

THE second annual dinner of the MacDowell Association of New York City was given at the Fine Arts Building on March 24th. If Edward MacDowell, through the black veil which Fate has thrown about him, could have seen this gathering of the most important men and women representing the art of this country in its most varied expression, he would realize that the dream of his fine, unselfish, beautiful life had come true and that at last America, through the club organized in his name, had begun to carry out his purpose which was (in the official language of the club) to emphasize the correlation of the drama, literature, music, architecture, sculpture and other fine arts, and to aid in the extension of the knowledge of æsthetic principles, and to bring into prominence special works of art that are deserving of broader recognition.

In other words, it was MacDowell's idea that musicians, writers, artists, etc., should awaken to mutual interest, to appreciation and understanding of their fellows, and that an association of the working artists would afford the unknown among them an opportunity to broaden their thinking and to prove their worth before a cultivated,

sympathetic group of fellow craftsmen and critics.

Up to the time of his withdrawal from public life this great man, among America's greatest, had done but little to advance his plan beyond the promulgating of the idea, and to indicate his wish to dedicate his house at Peterboro, N. H., to the benefit of art workers, if an organization could be formed to take it in charge.

At the dinner on this March Sunday, among the speakers of the occasion were F. D. Millet, Richard Watson Gilder, Wasilly Safonoff, Henry Miller and Hamlin Garland, a warm friend and ardent admirer of MacDowell, who has given liberally of time, interest and enthusiasm to further the cause so dear to the musician's heart; thus at the one table were the arts of letters, drama, painting and music represented. Among the many guests were William Chase, Gari Melchers, Daniel C. French, Alla Nazimova, R. W. Gilder, John Alexander Tezla, Lhevinne, Sir Edward Elgar and many others famous in the arts which MacDowell wished to bring into a more complete sympathy and understanding.

Already the Association includes among its members some of the best-known artists, writers, sculptors, musicians and actors from abroad as well as in America. To become an active member it is essential that one should have done creative work in some art; but the associate membership includes art lovers, art patrons and others interested in the practical side of the club's plans. The usefulness of the Club primarily lies in the meetings of the active members, where the work of the members—artists, musicians or dramatists—is presented from time to time. Programs for lectures, exhibitions and concerts are already being perfected by committees and the next year's work will be most vital to the life of American art.

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The Association as it stands is the outgrowth of Mr. MacDowell's "artist class" which he organized for his own pupils, and was later discontinued, yet has proved the nucleus of a movement that is already international in membership and purpose. As was stated at the dinner, the Association is now an incorporated institution, including under its present title the various auxiliary movements, all working toward the same end. A board of trustees has been appointed to accept and hold the deed of the MacDowell Home which is to be used ultimately as a center for creative art, a quiet working place for the men and women who need leisure and peace for a few months to complete some work in hand, where companionship with other congenial personalities will furnish stimulus for more original conceptions. Although at first no teaching will be done at Peterboro, it may in time develop into a summer school of original composition.

Meanwhile, the house remains the home of Mr. and Mrs. MacDowell during their lifetime, but already Mrs. MacDowell is planning to make such use of the extra buildings on the grounds as will further the purpose to which it will ultimately be entirely dedicated.

It is the hope of the Club to erect in the near future its own club house in New York, as an important significant background for the work it aims to achieve in America, and to form a permanent and beautiful memorial to Edward MacDowell.

THE late Ernest Howard Crosby, a selection from whose verse we publish on another page, was a remarkable American whose breezy personality and wholesome influence will long be missed. Born to leisure and culture, entering with zest upon a political career, a visit to that most remark-

able man, Leo Tolstoy, converted him to the principle of Non-Resistance and altered the whole course of his career. It is probable that no man in America has done more in our generation to further peace and to combat imperialistic tendencies than the vigorous and intrepid thinker who died so suddenly at Baltimore a few months ago, aged only fifty-one. Cut off in the very ripeness of his vigorous manhood, he nevertheless left behind him a far-expanding circle of friends who will honor his memory and continually feel his inspiration.

To the influence of Tolstoy, those of Whitman and that most wonderful Englishman—in many respects the most penetrating of the three—Edward Carpenter, must be added if we would comprehend the forces which made Ernest Howard Crosby what he was. Less of a word artist than Tolstoy, his criticisms of life and literature were not less keen, while a well-developed sense of humor kept him from many of the pitfalls which have beset the great Russian. A follower of Whitman's literary method, he avoided the Good Gray Poet's uncouthness, and, without touching the loftiest heights of the older bard, delivered a more consistent and systematic message to his age. Rivaling Carpenter in his critical powers, he lacked the constructive mind and vision which have made the latter one of the most inspiring of present day leaders of thought.

Mr. Crosby was from the very first a friend of *THE CRAFTSMAN* and a believer in its gospel. Upon several occasions he contributed to its pages, his last contribution being the now famous criticism of Shakespeare as the servile flatterer of wealth and power, which won the enthusiastic praise of Tolstoy and induced him to write a companion essay attacking Shakespeare's merits as a literary artist. Only a short time

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before his death he discussed with the writer of these lines the policy of *THE CRAFTSMAN* in the intimate and affectionate tones of one who regarded it as having a personal relation to himself.

It was significant of much, and a splendid tribute to the man, that, notwithstanding the fact that he was continually engaged in controversies, and that he was constantly throwing the weight of his keen and often satirical mind against things he believed to be wrong, he never caused a wound which rankled. He went through the strife without making an enemy—indeed it was impossible to make an enemy of him. His personality inspired respect and esteem, his keenest and most earnest blows were somehow accompanied by a grace and geniality which forbade ill-feeling to linger where they fell. Taken for all he was, Mr. Crosby was an altogether remarkable and noble man of a type all too rare. He had genius, he had courage, he had the sweet reasonableness which so rarely accompanies them.

It is the purpose of *THE CRAFTSMAN*—beginning with this issue—to publish from time to time poems and short prose essays of Ernest Crosby's, which are so essentially in harmony with the magazine's policy.

IN whatever direction one thinks—really thinks—along the lines of arts and handicrafts, sooner or later one reaches Japan. In building, the man who achieves the final beauty of space and harmony and simplicity and exquisite color relation will find perhaps his closest prototype in Japanese architecture; in interior decoration, after one has worked through and beyond modern incongruity and crowded waste to useful beauty, to the elimination that means rest, to a fine relation of surroundings to life, an ex-

pression of personal quality in environment, again Japan has gone a step further in the same direction; in dress that is comfortable and beautiful, the Japanese women lead the "fashions" of all times, with the exception possibly of the old Greek dress and the *zenana* drapery of the hidden East Indian women.

In modern mural decoration, which has to so great an extent lost its significance, its relation to building and original purpose, again an effort to bring out some meaning in mural art, to have the decorations on one's walls expressive of an interest in life, constantly enjoyable because varied, and we come to the *kakemono*, the Japanese scroll which is unframed and sometimes changed from day to day.

A suggestion has occurred to *THE CRAFTSMAN*, not consciously taken from Japanese inspiration—yet, as inevitably suggesting Japanese perfection as do all our best efforts for a return to beautiful simplicity—which relates to the mural decoration of certain rooms of simple American homes. At the same time it opens up a field of usefulness for some of the finest developments in Secession Photography—the photograph as a movable feast of artistic and intimate joy.

Place against plain wall surfaces in soft or dull tints the artistic photograph with its suggested likeness, its shadowy lines and background, its illusive beauty of subject, mounted with careful realization of the value of color to subject, and you have a bit of mural decoration that can not be easily excelled, a modern *kakemono* that may be left in place a day or a week, with position shifted to suit the tone of the day; near the window on a gray day; over the bookcase where an angle of sunlight will strike on the face if a portrait, on the brook if a landscape; by the fireplace, catching



*From a Photograph by Herbert G. French.
See Note on Page 354.*

"THREE PORTRAITS."



*From a Photograph by Herbert G. French.
See Note on Page 354.*

"CHILD STUDY."

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the glow from the orange fire in twilight—a decoration that can be adjusted to one's moods, to the weather, to the need of rest or stimulus.

And one photograph may follow another, or one group another group. There may be landscapes for a spring week, water scenes for drowsy August noons, high mountains for days of depression, and, best of all, one's friends and family for homesick days. What could be a more ideal mural decoration than a group, such as is shown in one of the illustrations for these notes—a mother and dear babies. What a sense of peace with every fresh glimpse of it, what inspiration and stirring at the heart as a ray of light drifts across the faces, what consolation as through a twilight hour the faces glimmer out of deepening shadows. For every hour, every change of weather a fresh response, and always the contribution to art, to a simple quiet expression of art that Americans most need and which is best adapted to American life.

There are but few homes built by people of moderate means, where permanent mural decoration can be afforded, or where there is space for a proper setting of anything beyond a frieze or panel; and panel and frieze where there is scope, and where the subjects are simple enough not to weary and are a natural expression of an art springing up out of our own soil, a genuine growth not a grafting, are important and gratifying; but for the small homes, where walls are paper or plaster, where the ornament is temporary and shifting, there surely is a new field of decorative interest to be found in the right use of the truly artistic photograph as a decorative study. So much thought and understanding of art is now put into the mounting of these pictures that often they suggest beau-

tiful color-schemes that could be carried out with advantage in fitting up a room. But it is not necessary that an interior should be built to fit the decorations; the browns and grays, and dull strange blues of delicate Japanese parchment and rice paper mountings, livened by a thread of red or lapis lazuli, or orange or copper or daffodil are noticeably harmonious with any room fitted up with nature hues, with the blendings of browns and greens and shadowy grays of spring and autumn tones.

It is quite wonderful the sense of realness and aliveness that deepens in one of these portraits when resting unframed against a background in harmony with the mountings and tones of the printing. There is the value and mystery of a "tone-painting;" an illusion of color, of personality, of greater nearness to the "original" than is often gained in painting, even by such men as Chase and Mora.

Rare beauties of photograph landscapes can also be captured; mists and twilights, and shadowy crowded harbors and Oriental streets splashed in sunlight, gay children fluttering to music, interesting composition, grace of uncertain lines, subtlety of weather variations, endless photographic *kake-monos* for simple modern houses—and the Secession photographer finds another reason why he has gone on perfecting an art; or rather creating a new art.

AT the New York National Arts Club a dinner was given the evening of the twenty-second of April to J. Q. A. Ward, the sculptor, whom America has been justly proud of for many years. There were present many notable people representing all the arts, and there were speeches by Lorado Taft, toastmaster; Hopkinson Smith, Spencer Trask, and Charles Lamb, who

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spoke eloquently as a friend as well as artist. The significance of sculpture in the world's development and its relation to all phases of cultivated life were dwelt upon with enthusiasm.

In his response, Mr. Ward spoke slowly and with some hesitation from notes. There was no sparkle, no oratory, just a few plain words from an essentially simple man, as the greatest often are simple, yet what he said made clear his own title to rank among the first of American artists. He made no plea for the special development of a national art, just quietly remarked that "after all Greek art was achieved by Greek artists." The inevitable conclusion being that American artists who are painting Dutch scenes with a French technique in a Munich studio were not materially advancing American art from a national point of view.

At the close of his speech—a speech full of the wisdom, sincerity and kindness of a big and gentle soul—Mr. Ward summed up his attitude toward his art by saying, "And now at the farther side of life I feel that the most important thing in art for me is what it has taught me." And so the greatness of all art lies in what it teaches the worker.

THE CRAFTSMAN house in the regular series of nineteen hundred and seven has been omitted in this issue of the magazine. So many interesting suggestions for practical home building have come in that it has seemed of distinct value to THE CRAFTSMAN subscribers to have them published. It was impossible to do this without using the space usually given to our own house; but so wide is the variety in the material substituted, including the CRAFTSMAN improvements in Butte, Mont., that it was thought advisable, for this issue at least, to present these interest-

ing creative ideas in house building which are essentially along the line of the CRAFTSMAN movement, and which are equally essentially ideas for American houses and American people who wish to live in a simple but beautiful way.

A list of W. L. Lathrop's pictures recently exhibited at the Montross Gallery is like a romance of Springtime, a poem of out-of-doors:—"A Pasture Land in Summer," "A Little Valley," "Early Spring," "April in an Orchard," "Hillside Pasture," "Evening on a Hilltop." And each picture, as each title, has the very breath of pastoral lands, of simple living, of perfume from old gardens and the scent of pink orchards.

And best of all, the gardens and hillsides, the sleepy canals and meadows, the old farm houses and the twilights are American, full of memories for American men and women of days at country houses, of long vacations and summer's never-ending marvel of joy and beauty.

Mr. Lathrop is not one of the artists who cavil at American lands, who finds us without charm and poetry in our own outdoors. He has been able to grasp great beauty in our hills and valleys, through spring and winter, and he paints with a broad, simple, loose technique, that has no more self-consciousness than has his choice of subjects. In fact he does not seem to *choose* subjects, each outdoor scene has its value to him, from the fragrant, green "Little Valley" that stirs the memory and affection to the "Neglected Farm" with its melancholy meadows, empty gray house and wistful flower patch that radiates desolation and sorrow.

REVIEWS

STUDENTS of the great socioeconomic questions of the present day are watching with keen interest the various and far-reaching experiments in industrial democracy in those great English-speaking Commonwealths, Australia and New Zealand, and will welcome such a popular treatise as Victor S. Clark, Ph.D., gives us in his recent volume, "The Labour Movement in Australasia." Dr. Clark is well known to all American students of economic and sociological questions as a careful and reliable observer. Much of his work as an agent of the Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington has been issued by the Bureau of Labor, and favorably received by specialists. The present work is based upon an extensive study of conditions made during two visits in nineteen hundred and three and nineteen hundred and four under a commission from the Government. The substance of the work appeared some time ago in one of the bulletins of the Bureau of Labor, but it is good to have it in this more permanent, amplified and revised form.

Australasia is the name given to the Commonwealth of Australia and the Colony of New Zealand, which, separated as they are by twelve hundred miles of ocean, are intimately connected by historical and industrial as well as racial ties. There is good reason for associating the two countries in one general term, and for discussing their affairs as an organic whole, yet the method has, especially for the student, its disadvantages. It is not always easy, since there are no references to authorities, to tell just how far the conditions described apply to one or the other country. Compared with such a work as Pember Reeves' "State Experiments in New Zealand," for the student at any rate,

Dr Clark's book leaves much to be desired.

Still, for all that, it is a useful book—and as interesting as it is useful. Its usefulness lies not merely, nor even mainly, in the fact that it is a descriptive guide-book to the political and social development of a group of countries very similar to our own. Even more important is the light which the experience so described sheds upon our own problems. Many persons in this country have been alarmed, perhaps unduly so, at the decision of the great labor organizations to adopt political action. What are we to expect if this policy is generally adopted? Dr. Clark shows the development of the unions in Australasia, and their adoption of political action; we see the labor programme in its development and in the process of realization. It is not a static thing, this labor programme, but a growing movement, one thing leading to another as in all growth. Beginning with adult suffrage, extending democracy to women, on through a graduated income tax, the nationalization of land and other monopolies, pensions for the aged and outworn workers, general accident insurance, industrial arbitration, and the like, Australasia seems destined to reach by natural evolution and without Marxian or other theories, a socialism as comprehensive as the German thinker theoretically postulated.

Labor in Australasia appears to be, on the whole, better off than in the United States. There is more regard for personal safety. The domination of the Government by a small privileged class is an evil which has not developed to any extent. Where the women are allowed to vote, as in New Zealand, the results appear to be not very revolutionary—neither as good as its advocates predicted, nor as bad as its foes predicted. Curiously, working women take a much keener and more intelligent interest in politics than do their

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sisters of the leisure class. This is rather the reverse of English and American experience. It is worth noting, that while in the United States one railway employee out of every three hundred and fifty-seven was killed in the last year reported, in New South Wales one out of every nine hundred and forty-nine was killed, while in South Australia there was not a single fatal accident among three thousand five hundred and nineteen employees.

One of the most interesting features of the book is the chapter entitled "A White Australia." Here we have a race transplanted from the temperate to the torrid zone, determined to keep out the colored laborer, content if need be to let great natural resources lie undeveloped rather than consent to the introduction of colored labor, and the possible eventual development of a race problem similar to that which has resulted in the United States from the importation of negro laborers. It is impossible to do full justice to such a book in the brief compass of a review, but we can cordially recommend it to our readers as an interesting and valuable study of an important subject. ("The Labour Movement in Australasia: A Study in Social Democracy." By Victor S. Clark, Ph.D., 327 pages. Price, \$1.50, net. Published by Henry Holt & Company, New York.)

MR. Logan G. McPherson, lecturer on the subject of transportation at Johns Hopkins University, has issued a book from his lectures on the organization, work and inter-relation of the different departments of a railway company. The hope is expressed that the volume will aid in giving an accurate conception of the underlying principles of railroad practice to voters—those who ultimately control legislation on railway matters; those engaged in the railway service

who seek a more extended view of its different phases than is afforded by contact with their own immediate duties; and young men whose studies include the transportation industry, many of whom desire to make it their vocation in life.

The utility of the book to the first of these three classes—in their special relations as voters—may well be doubted. As a popular description of the manner in which the work of a railway company is divided among various departments it is not without the value which attaches to every addition to the amount of information which one possesses, but hardly likely to prove influential upon railway legislation, any more than a manual on the construction of locomotives would be. To the other two classes named the book will doubtless prove of considerable value as a primer—it is fair to add that it is not intended to be more than that—affording an admirable elementary introduction to a more thorough study of the question. But for the ordinary reader the book will be found interesting on account of the many little bits of curious information scattered through its pages, and by reason of the larger interest in the subject treated in the last chapter, which deals with the relations of the railways to the public and the state. The whole chapter is given up, with the exception of a few unimportant paragraphs, to a discussion of the burning question of railroad rates. As might be expected in a primer of this sort, the arguments used are very elementary; and they are, moreover, stated with a bias in favor of the railroads rather than the public or the state. The book is interesting and neither better nor worse than any average collection of college lectures would make. ("The Working of the Railroads." By Logan G. McPherson; 273 pages. Price, \$1.50, net. Published by Henry Holt & Company, New York.)

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INDICATIVE of a growing interest in the systematic study of business institutions and methods is Dr. Sparling's little manual, "Introduction to Business Organization," a volume in the useful Citizen's Library, edited by Professor R. T. Ely. It is somewhat remarkable, when our attention has been directed to it, that no work aiming to make business a matter of scientific study and explanation existed until Dr. Sparling undertook to bring together the substance of his lessons on Commerce in the University of Wisconsin. In view of the widespread interest in the subject of which it treats the demand for such a volume ought to be quite extensive.

Passing over the introductory arguments on the necessity of organization, the chapter on legal aspects of business organization begins the practical part of the volume. There are other chapters on such topics as, Business Aspects of Farming, Factory Organization, Commercial Organization, Factory Cost Keeping, Exchanges, Credits and Collections, Salesmanship, Advertising and so through a minute dissection of business life. Many who are not engaged in business will find in this admirable treatise explanations of some of those features of modern business mechanism frequently mentioned in the press, but rarely understood by the ordinary reader. Young men and women contemplating a business career ought to find it extremely suggestive. ("Introduction to Business Organization." By Samuel E. Sparling, Ph.D.; 374 pages. Price, \$1.25, net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

IT seems rather curious that so little of the vividness of foreign places is conveyed in the majority of the books that describe them. Most books of travel are either accurately dull or diffusely descriptive. Of the

two types the frankly guide-book type is preferable, for after glancing through the pages of one of these works of the gushing variety one feels a strong impulse to call the writer's attention to the admonitions of a certain popular magazine against "attempted fine writing." In looking through Mr. McCracken's book on "The Italian Lakes" one is discouraged by the inexpressive effusiveness of its style and its curiously colorless manner of imparting the impressions which the writer apparently received intensely. Such expressions as, "their never waning winsomeness" (referring to the lakes in question), "up in the heights whence the view is so noble," and "the Italian lakes are bordered by the pick of Italian gardens," are certainly neither felicitous nor elegant. Nevertheless, the book contains the essential facts. And if undue space seems given to inadequate descriptions of the landscape, at least the available material of the neighborhood appears to have been carefully collected. The book does not enter into the comparative merits of hotels, and evidently does not aim to be a guide-book. ("The Italian Lakes," by W. D. McCracken. Illustrated. Price, \$2.00. Published by L. C. Page & Company, Boston.)

EVERY body who has occasion to use architectural terms, and not a few others who would like to understand them, will welcome a most useful little book entitled, "A Glossary of Terms Used in English Architecture," by Thomas Dinham Atkinson, who has also written a history of English Architecture. The Glossary is limited to the historical aspect of architecture, and only deals incidentally with words used in art and art criticism and in building. At the same time many

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technical terms are to be found, and constructional terms in particular, for the author holds that construction lies at the very root of the matter. Definitions he regards in most cases as unnecessary, but sometimes they are given, because it is interesting to work out a definition. Derivations are given where they are illuminating or curious, and many terms used in Greek and Roman architecture are included because they are necessary to a proper understanding of Renaissance architecture and church building. The book is illustrated with two hundred and sixty-five drawings of architectural details. ("A Glossary of Terms Used in English Architecture," by Thomas Dinham Atkinson, Architect. Illustrated; 320 pages. Published by William T. Comstock, New York.)

WALTER Raleigh's little book on Shakespeare does not lay claim to the publication of any newly discovered facts or the exploitation of new theories. It is a careful, competent collection of the authentic facts and the most generally accepted theories. It contains also a brief critical study and classification of the plays. It has the character, if not the intention, of a text book and is clearly expressed. ("Shakespeare," by Walter Raleigh. English Men of Letters Series. Price, 75 cents, net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

THE necessity of issuing a thoroughly practical handbook on plumbing, so written that the householder can understand it as well as the plumber, has induced a prominent manufacturing company to become a publisher to the extent of getting out a book entitled "Principles and Practice of Plumbing." This book is made up of

articles printed in the trade magazine owned by these manufacturers, for the reason that the articles were found to be so practical that architectural plumbers and sanitary engineers requested its publication in book form, for purposes of reference. Any householder with this book in his library need not depend entirely upon the plumber to test the condition of the plumbing in his house, and will be able to form some idea on his own account of the best method of drainage. In short, the principles that underlie the practice of plumbing have been here systematized and reduced to an exact basis, and many useful rules, formulas and data are offered for the first time to the public in this book. ("Principles and Practice of Plumbing," by J. J. Cosgrove; 267 pages. Published by Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburg.)

A book of lessons in the planning, decoration and care of a house, is by Isabel Bevier, head of the Department of Social Science in the University of Illinois. The book is comprehensive, and would be very useful to anyone making a study of household science for personal use, but it contains nothing regarding the development of architecture, sanitation or interior decoration, more than could be found in any good book on the subject. The first chapter is devoted to the evolution of the house, the second to the development of the American house, and the remaining chapters are given to the practical details of planning, decoration and housekeeping. The book is chiefly useful as a digest of larger works, to be used for quick reference, and as an outline of general information. ("The House," by Isabel Bevier, Ph.M.; 164 pages. Published by The American School of Home Economics, Chicago.)

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

HOME DRESSMAKING THE NATURAL OUTCOME OF SIMPLE LIVING: HAPPINESS OF A "HOME-MADE TROUSSEAU"

WIDE-REACHING as is the significance of a knowledge of home dressmaking for the American girl, it is but one phase, one detail of a vast movement toward simpler living in America, which in time must be recognized as essential to the right development of our country.

The time has come to this great nation for a parting of the ways. If we will be really great among nations, we must become genuine; we must create and cease to imitate; we must express ourselves, such as we are, whatever we may be, in our fine arts, our houses, our handicrafts, our politics, our every detail of living. We must live in houses that belong to our manner of life as working Americans; we must paint, and model and compose to express our national art impulse, and the inside of our homes must be suited to the ideal American life—cheerful, beautiful, durable, comfortable, and yet, with all these characteristics, simple, as the most beautiful and complete surroundings may always be.

With the great expense of living in America and the equally great difficulty of securing servants that are capable, reasonable and in any way permanent, the average intelligent—often intellectual—woman of wide interests is compelled to do much of her own work, or to understand it so thoroughly that she can direct without difficulty even incompetent help. This condition will increase, not lessen, as time goes on, and the tide of immigration lessens.

There is apparently but one way to meet the problem, that is from the inside. The woman herself must plan her house, arrange the interior, furnish

and adjust furnishings, and so live that home cares will be reduced to a minimum. With a simply beautiful house, done inside with an equal purpose of beauty, durability and simplicity; with room space planned for economy of time and steps; with kitchen planned to be an attractive work room—and the servant problem is met, without lectures, books, clubs, legislation or worry. And on this basis simple living becomes a permanent possibility instead of a misunderstood, impracticable theory.

To put life on a simple, wholly practical basis, you have to start back at the very foundation of domestic existence—the house, which is the opportunity afforded by civilization for close permanent family relationship. You may talk of simple conditions and design simple frocks and discard some worthless bric-a-brac, but you will not achieve thereby an existence that is simple from the most beautiful and worth-while point of view, because you can't put simplicity on and off as a fad. You can drape your mind with the idea for a little while if you like, as you follow any fashion whim, but you are not truly going to get out of life all it has to give in the way of sensible and comfortable living unless you build from the heart out on simple lines; unless you *know what you are talking about*; until you have proved to your own satisfaction the inherent value for all time of an existence that is simple because it is genuine, wholesome, truly in harmony with the ideals of your own country, and which is absolutely without relation to foreign conditions or achievements or standard.

In order to appreciate this point of view it is necessary that one should

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never for a minute confuse simplicity with crudeness, with lack of creative impulse, with the somber or incomplete. There are no colors or gradations or combinations of tones denied you; no lines of construction which are essentially good that simplicity may not claim; no expression of joy in the utmost nature can achieve in grace and tone; no real richness; no perfection of peace; no last detail of comfort that is not compatible with simplicity, rightly understood and employed.

And so while we have said so much about clothes in this department, and have urged upon women the necessity of a knowledge of the practice as well as the theory of dressmaking and also the teaching of their daughters how to make satisfactory clothes for themselves, we have not done this without realizing how essential for the success of this one detail of simpler, better living is the background of general living along lines suited to American homes; the need of houses and interiors and home making that expressed the American man and woman of today, that showed the best they were capable of creating in the way of an environment for themselves and their children.

From this point of view what could promise greater happiness to people about to live together for the rest of their lives than to plan their home along these lines; to decide to live in a beautiful simple way, to establish a home that will be a joy, a comfort, a permanent expression of their point of view about work. If a girl plans her home so that a reasonable, wholesome amount of work may be done in it, she is making herself independent of troublous economic conditions. If she has a servant, she can direct her intelligently; if she cannot have a servant she can direct herself, and do it happily and enjoyably. And after planning a sane, whole-

some, pleasurable home, what could be more sensible, more reasonable than for a girl to make her own wedding clothes? Surely the girl who has decided about the house she wants to live in, will know well what she wants to wear in it. She will know what is pretty as well as sensible, in fact, how to make the sensible things most pretty, as they should be, and she will design all her clothes so that they are appropriate to each purpose for which they are intended. Her negligée gown is delightfully fluffy and graceful, but not ornate; her kitchen frock is plain, but lovely in color and adjustment to her pretty form; her wedding dress is full of her own grace and charm, because it suits her in color, outline and sensibleness; her afternoon frock is easy to make, is without effort at eccentricity, suits exactly her way of spending time, and is most carefully selected to bring out all her beauty of feature and color and expression.

And thus, in her own home, there is developed by her thought the most exquisite harmony; you feel that the girl belongs to her environment, that the whole is perfect, that it is original and creative and yet typical of what has grown to be an American standard of excellence in life. You believe in the girl, you like her home, and recognize what simplicity can be made to accomplish when understood and rightly employed.

And what truly greater enjoyment could a girl find, who is really happy, really in love, and also somewhat of an artist about herself, as so many girls are who are not root-bound with stupid worn-out traditions, than the planning and making of a trousseau that is an expression of all she cares for most in herself, in life? What is finer than for a girl to design the clothes she is to wear during the happiest days of her life? Surely there is poetry in the thought, and many sweet dreams and



"WHAT IS FINER THAN FOR A GIRL TO DESIGN THE CLOTHES WHICH SHE IS TO WEAR DURING THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF HER LIFE?"



"AFTER PLANNING A SANE, WHOLESOME HOUSE,
WHAT COULD BE MORE REASONABLE THAN FOR A
GIRL TO MAKE HER OWN WEDDING CLOTHES?"



"HER KITCHEN FROCK IS PLAIN,
BUT LOVELY IN COLOR AND AD-
JUSTMENT TO HER PRETTY FORM."



"HER AFTERNOON GOWN IS SELECTED
TO BRING OUT ALL HER BEAUTY OF
FEATURE, COLOR AND EXPRESSION."

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blissful aspirations to make up with the lovely colors and fabrics which become a part of herself in all the long dear honeymoon time. Why, a girl who does not grow an artist in the making of her wedding clothes does not deserve the supreme happiness of marriage. For there is no last detail of furnishing the beautiful, simple home and making the exquisitely lovely but simple clothes for bridal days that should not stir a girl's heart, stimulate her brain and develop her in mind and soul.

What insight will develop in all this love-work; what greater knowledge of

beauty, if all detail of it is made harmonious with work and an expression of real need; what right understanding of all life offers in a home, if it has grown out of interest and love! Why, the girl who will give up to others the creation of her home and the expression of herself that she can achieve in her own clothes-making is shutting her eyes to one of the supreme experiences of life, and also relinquishing the opportunity of cultivating every fineness within her, and of developing herself both as artist and craftswoman.

A MORE SIMPLE WAY OF HOUSEKEEPING

THE CRAFTSMAN has done much during the last few years in pointing out a better way of homemakers in the matter of home furnishings and structural simplicity. But lately it has entered upon a far more helpful and wider crusade in turning its attention to the fundamental principles of home administration and in seeking to make plain the archaic and unessential conditions which now prevail.

Not only is it pointing out the outworn customs still in use, it is also substituting for them plans for better work so that the day may come when the test of happy labor given by Ruskin can be applied to housework as well as to that outside the home.

Ruskin says that the essential of happy labor is that "we must be fit for it, not do too much of it, and have a sense of success in it." Let any housewife apply this standard to any one of her home duties and she will soon see why in the majority of instances housework as now carried on is unhappy labor.

Consider the food question. Thrice or more daily it confronts each housewife. Is she fit for it? No. Her

studies have prepared her for almost everything but that. Does she have too much cooking to do? Yes, because she is so overcrowded with the other complex demands of the home that the cooking is an additional burden. The last test of happy labor is that we must have a sense of success in it, but we all know that we can never have a sense of success in any task for which we are unfit and in which we are overworked.

Thus we see that the food department is one part of our homes wherein, under present conditions, happy labor can not exist. Yet when rightly undertaken there is no more interesting occupation to many people than the preparation and serving of food.

The conscientious housewife of to-day who tries to do well her everyday routine finds herself between two opposing influences which make simplicity impossible for her; one, the wide opportunities and complex demands of the present age, and the other a conservatism which resents any change in the domestic methods of our grandmothers.

The kitchen used to be the center of home life. The mother rocked the

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cradle with one hand and stirred the cauldron with the other and taught eternal verities to the children gathered around her knee at the same time.

But the home life of to-day does not center around the kitchen fire. The kitchen has become a place chiefly for cooking, and the mother as she cares for the child in the upstairs nursery, set apart for its use, can not at the same time stir the cauldron in the kitchen which is separated from the upstairs nursery by yards of hardwood floor which the bacteriologist tells her must be wiped up frequently in order to prevent the germs from imperilling her family's health. And this same bacteriologist is largely responsible for the necessity of each child's having at least a separate bed or if possible a separate room with their multiplying cares as well as comforts.

So this mother of to-day hurries from kitchen to nursery and over the other parts of the house, performing as best she can the many home duties of our times. But she is so overwheeled in the doing of it all that the deep well of mother love which should overflow, flooding the world with happiness and cheer, runs well nigh dry at times.

Is there any possible remedy for this? Yes. We are so conservative, however, that we think that a home without a kitchen would be a heartless and spiritless affair.

But conservative as we are, we may just as well face the fact that the home life of to-day, while richer in many ways than ever before, does not of necessity center around a kitchen cook stove, and furthermore we are making the mistake of our times when we try to make it center where a century or so ago it was right and proper that it should be.

Yet food remains the first human requisite, and just because it is the first human necessity the preparation of it should engross the attention of the most

learned scientific minds of our times. Our kitchens as managed at present are economic wastes. For the same amount of energy and fuel which I expend in cooking for my family could just as well furnish the cooking force for a much larger number. Co-operative housekeeping has been tried and failed, because of the very lack of system for which it strove. Consolidation is the tendency of our times in all branches of activity because of its increased economy and efficiency. Consolidation in the matter of feeding our families must be brought about if the simplicity which is due to unwasted effort is ever to come to pass in our homes.

One of the needs of our times is a master mind who will be able to work out in detail such a system of consolidation, and when he shall have successfully brought it to pass we will all marvel that such a simple plan was never tried before.

The essentials of such a plan are few. There should be food kitchens easily accessible to every home where cooked foods can be bought cheaply because of consolidation, and delivered hot to our homes with promptness and regularity, in pneumatic tubes perhaps, or by whatever means the master mind shall decide is the cheapest and the best. All this will take executive ability of a high order, the same kind which Marshall Field showed in building up the department store business.

Just because food is the first human requisite, it is one of the most burdensome duties at times for the housewife; for let come what may she must prepare the meals.

Without the necessity for kitchens our homes might be what the twentieth century demands that a home should be,—a place of rest and recreation and a training school for the children.

Not only would the simplicity of our homes be increased by the banishment

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of the individual kitchens but the health of the nation would be much improved because our food would all be prepared by specialists who would thoroughly understand diet in its relation to health and disease.

The many cereal companies are a help in this direction because they have been able to teach the people that a simple, easily prepared breakfast has every advantage over an elaborately prepared heavy one.

Another advantage of consolidated food kitchens would be the end of the domestic service question, for the preparation of food would become an honored profession, willingly undertaken by the best class of people. You who know something of the chaos of domestic life, as at present administered, picture to yourself a well-ordered home where the mother is free to be a companion for her husband and children and to attend to the many duties which come to her in this position instead of having to spend her days in a mad scramble to satisfy their recurrent hunger.

Simplicity of living is a possibility in our homes whenever our conservatism will enable us to welcome the idea of homes without kitchens. And when we are ready to accept it, no doubt the master mind will be ready with the detailed plan, for that has been the history of the progress of the ages,—the improvements come when we are ready to receive them.

The recurrent food problem adds more than its share to the complexity of home life to-day, for its processes are manifold and one important part of its burden is the necessary dish washing. While we are waiting to accustom ourselves to the idea of homes without kitchens and until the executive genius has worked out the details of the plan, there is one way by which the necessary food preparation could be simplified

each day and that is by a central dish washing plant. This may sound chimerical, but remember a few years ago the plan of a daily supply of clean towels for offices from a central supply house had not been worked out, now in successful operation and indispensable.

Dish washing in homes is unsanitary as compared with that done in some large hotels and restaurants. There the dishes are piled haphazard in coarse-meshed receptacles and put into a tub of boiling soapsuds where the water is kept in motion by revolving discs. Afterward they are similarly rinsed in boiling water and turned on to draining boards. From seven hundred to twelve hundred pieces can be washed in an hour. For about one thousand dollars such a plant, complete in all details, was installed in a department store restaurant. Such a one would of course be too expensive for a private family, but for small towns or neighborhoods they could be made to pay.

The details of collecting and delivering the dishes work themselves out gradually just as the problem of clean towel service for offices has been worked out.

Now suppose that I decide that in my family I need to use in cooking and serving during the day 150 dishes; I make such a requisition for each day, and each morning the clean dishes are brought to my home and the dirty ones removed. What must I pay for this service? Counting the interest on the investment, rent, wages for operator and delivery man such service ought not to cost over fifty cents per week, excluding breakage. Naturally at first every one would feel sceptical of the success of such a plan. But if once successfully established every city in the country would follow this lead, much to the relief of one department of house-keeping. LAURA CLARKE ROCKWOOD.

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THE CHARM OF DIFFUSED LIGHT

THE real pleasure of home evenings, whether the time is spent in work or play, is in the quality of the lighting. The difference between side lights in a room and the old-time chandelier is the difference between peace and restlessness, and, for sensitive nerves, between enjoyment and misery. To face light while reading or working is to lose half the power of seeing. A light pouring directly into the pupil of the eye is disastrous in two ways; it dilates the retina to the point of danger from strain, and in the second place it is hypnotic in effect. The succession of invisible currents in the air, produced by the light, in connection with the strain, compels immense concentration to use the mind with even half its usual facility.

So much for the hygienic point of view. Now for the artistic—with a center light, the middle of the room is thrown out in sharp outline and the corners are dark patches. There are no half tones, which artists love, no mellowness nor picturesqueness. It is all light and dark; all sharp contrast. The center of the room is over-brilliant and the corners gloomy.

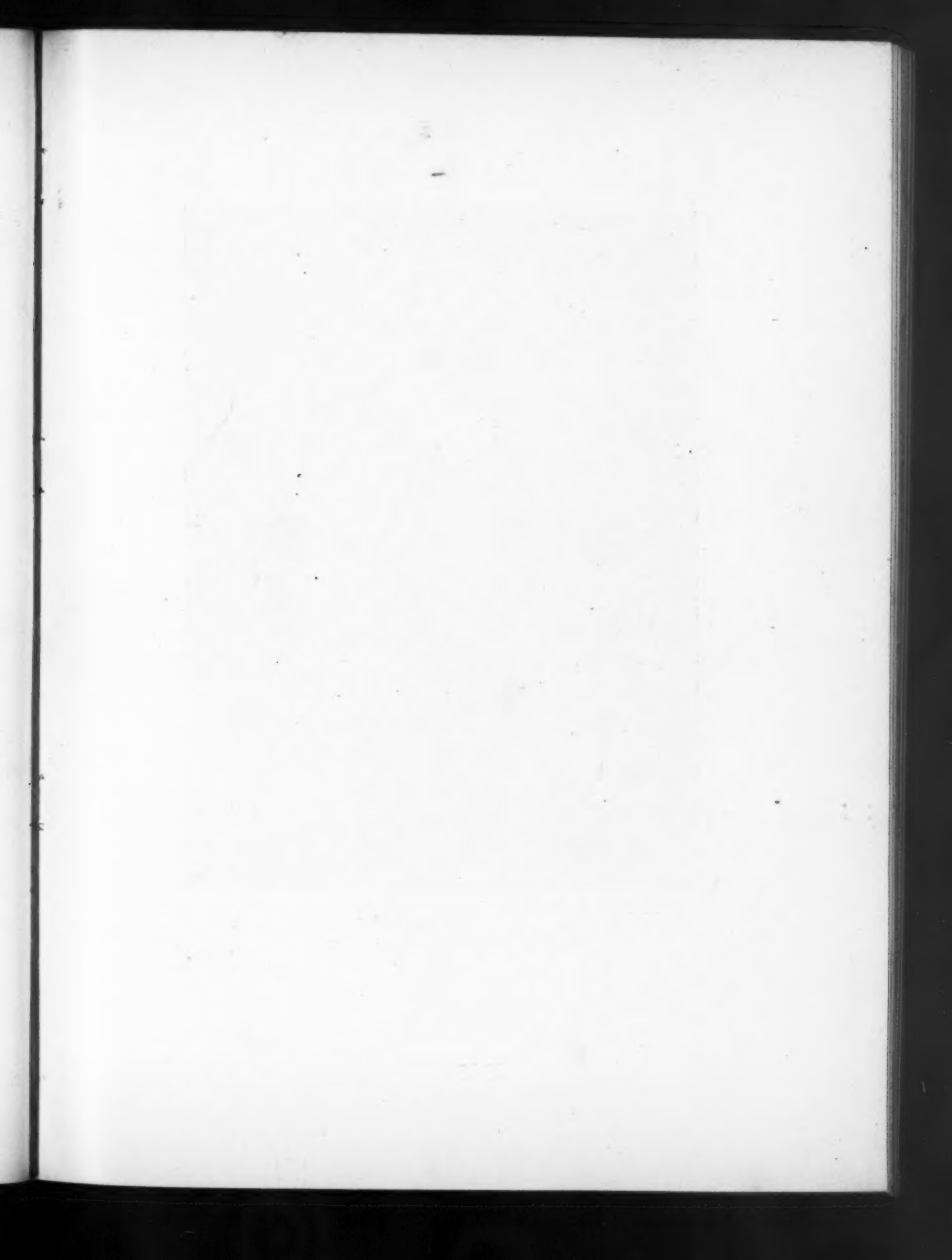
Now a sharp contrast in light, apart from the actual injury to the eyes, is seriously detrimental to the nerves, easily affected as they are by any eye strain. The usual center lighting gives a sense of restlessness, almost a desire to escape. A chandelier has no kindly welcoming rays, it does not allure, nor coax nor encourage good cheer. It does add sparkle to jewels and glitter to gold, and sheen to velvet; but what have these to do with the home comfort and the joy of a corner for work or play?

No room can be really made winning and enticing of an evening with-

out a diffused light which is essentially the product of lighting fixtures scattered about the sides of the wall. No one concentrated light is essential, but a glow of light wherever it can contribute to the comfort of work or play—by the bookcase, at the side of the window seat, near the piano, just back of the sewing table, by the hat-rack in the hall, over the buffet in the dining room. Each homemaker will know best where light contributes most to the happiness of her family.

Lights are not a finish for the ceiling, the final decoration for a room, but a means toward an end, and that end is enjoyment, the best enjoyment of books or pipe or needle or study. In studying into the lighting problem, we have made a special effort to develop the diffused lighting of rooms. Where center lights are used in CRAFTSMAN rooms they are so hidden by soft globes that one is conscious only of a mellow glow; but these showers of lights are for large spaces. For living rooms and cozy dining rooms, the lights are on the walls in a series of sconces, adjusted to each room to bring out its utmost possibility of restfulness and cheer. In fact, in a room perfectly illuminated with side lights, the sense of effort to achieve light is wholly lost. One is conscious of rest, glow, peace, and contentment, and a desire to stay, which is wholly absent from the chandelier room.

To make the side lighting of a room quite perfect, it is an excellent plan to have both the metal of fixture and the globe in close color harmony with the room, and when all these details are considered, the light of a room finally ceases to be a thing apart, and becomes an essential of the real beauty and comfort of the home.





*From a Photograph by Alvin L. Coburn.
See Page 394.*

EDWARD CARPENTER.